

THIRTY CENTS

AUGUST 30, 1963

THE NEGRO REVOLUTION TO DATE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ROY WILKINS
OF THE N.A.A.C.P.

HENRY KUCHNER

VOL. 82 NO. 9

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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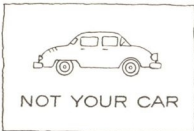
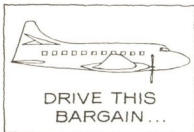
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 28

The Eleventh Hour (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).^{*} A psychiatric investigation is necessary to determine whether a famous torch singer (Julie London) committed suicide or was murdered. Repeat.

Thursday, August 29

The Story of Will Rogers (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Bob Hope narrates Will Rogers' long career. Repeat.

Friday, August 30

Route 66 (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Linc, a veteran of the South Viet Nam fighting, finds the lieutenant he hero-worshipped left with the mind of an eight-year-old as the result of a shrapnel wound. Repeat.

Saturday, August 31

ABC's Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National A.A.U. Senior Women's Swimming and Diving Championships from High Point, N.C.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Fräulein*, starring Greta Wynter and Mel Ferrer. Color.

Sunday, September 1

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest is Dr. Edward Teller, noted nuclear physicist and a chief architect of the H-bomb.

Crucial Summer: The 1963 Civil Rights Crises (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Fourth in the series of five reports on the current integration struggle.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Guests: Sophie Tucker, Brenda Lee, Jackie Mason and Robert Goulet.

Monday, September 2

The American Revolution of '63 (NBC, 7:30-10:30 p.m.). A three-hour examination of the history of the civil rights movement from the Emancipation Proclamation to the current demonstrations.

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). In Part 2 of the drama for which both Kim Stanley and Glenda Farrell won Emmies, Miss Stanley portrays an attorney-patient who doesn't want to give up morphine injections.

Tuesday, September 3

Focus on America (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Study of the New York City Police Department's Missing Persons Unit.

CINEMA

The Leopard. Italian Film Director Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) has made a remarkable film—scenically beautiful, dramatically satisfying, philosophically profound—about the fortunes of a fading princely household in 19th century Sicily. Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale and Alain Delon star in this splendid cinematic set piece.

Lord of the Flies. William Golding's widely read novel of human frailty and the force of sin in society has been translated into an adventure story about castaway boys on a desert island that is often shocking but never frightening. Golding's harrowing allegory has been lost, and all

^{*} All times E.D.T.

that is left is an ineptly acted movie that will anger the book's partisans, perplex the uninitiated.

The Small World of Sammy Lee. Anthony Newley, of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, has gotten off at a Soho bump-and-grinder where he is the frantically busy master of ceremonies with several illicit deals on the side. As the fast-running Sammy, Newley is wickedly sly, inwardly terrified, foolishly hopeful in this sordid and often biting slice-of-life film.

The Thrill of It All. Doris Day has done with defending her virtue against the assaults of assorted seducers, has settled down with James Garner, two kids, and a contract to make TV commercials for a soap company. The results are sudsy but far from squeaky-clean.

Toys in the Attic. Geraldine Page, Wendy Hiller and Dean Martin try to breathe life into Lillian Hellman's play, but the story about Dixie spinsters who indulge in a bit of brother-sistering is about as believable as Southern-fried matzo balls.

The Great Escape. Under the very eyes of hard-eyed Nazi guards, 76 Allied officers accomplish a mass breakout from a top-security prison camp. The preparations are shown in almost hypnotic detail, and once the escape is under way, the suspense tightens like pinballs. Steve McQueen, James Garner, Donald Pleasence, Richard Attenborough head an excellent all-male cast.

A Gathering of Eagles. The best parts of this film about the Strategic Air Command are scenes where SAC itself provides the action. Rock Hudson takes over a bomber wing and finds himself flying in a domestic circle.

8½. Italian Director Federico Fellini (aided by Marcello Mastroianni) lays bare his psyche in this richly visual, often perplexing film that is clearly autobiographical and monumentally abstract.

This Sporting Life. This English picture is brutally honest as long as it stays on the playing fields. But when its rugby-playing hero gets tangled in a love affair, both he and the plot become confused.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Cat and Mouse, by Günter Grass. Best-selling Novelist Grass (*The Tin Drum*) relates the torment of a young man whose prominent Adam's apple makes him an outcast to his classmates. He strives for achievement and wins it, but to the "cat"—human conformity—he is still a curiosity.

The Nun of Monza, by Mario Mazzone. Based on archives opened six years ago in Milan, this book takes a fresh look at a lurid story that shocked 17th century Italy. It takes 14 years of solitary penitence before Sister Virginia of Monza is finally forgiven for her passionate, protracted love affair with a reckless nobleman.

They Fought Alone, by John Keats. The story of the American and Philippine guerrillas who stayed on Mindanao in 1942 under the inventive leadership of Colonel Wendell Fertig. A rewarding narrative by the author of *The Insolent Chariots*.

The Tenants of Moonbloom, by Edward Lewis Wallant. A horrifying look behind the doors of New York's wretched slum tenements. The novel's hero is a rent

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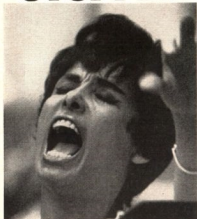
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SHOW STOPPER



From Lena Horne's article on the Negro revolt: "At the Cotton Club, my mother sat in my dressing room every night, because there was no doubt what the white hoods and the white 'swells' wanted to do with Negro women. Thank God, as Duke Ellington used to say, I was jail-bait." In SHOW Magazine (September issue), where so much of today's most pertinent opinion appears. Coupon below sends you a copy free.

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collector who goes bleakly from house to house until he can no longer stand it, and sets out to restore the buildings and his own spirit.

Aneurin Bevan, by Michael Foot. A good, sympathetic biography of the Welsh mine worker who went on to become an ardent Socialist, a brilliant parliamentarian and, for years, the fiercest voice in Britain's Labor Party.

The Collector, by John Fowles. A taut thriller about a dour young man who spots the girl of his clouded dreams—and sets about getting her with a chloroformed gag, a getaway truck, and a cottage in the country that has a priest's hole in the cellar.

Night and Silence Who Is Here?, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. A charming, lazy British scholar arrives for a sabbatical year at a well-endowed New England college and discovers that it offers just the sinecure he has been looking for. An acid satire on the university-foundation circuit, written by the wife of Britain's Author-Scientist C. P. Snow, who was a visiting fellow at Connecticut's Wesleyan College in 1961.

Ford: Decline and Rebirth, 1933-62, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill. Until World War II contracts came through, wayward management and union pressures brought the Ford Motor Co. perilously close to bankruptcy. Authors Nevins and Hill recount the story of this period and of the recovery that followed, led by Henry Ford II. "the Whiz Kids," and such brilliant executives as Ernest R. Breech.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. For those who take their campus politics seriously, this hefty bestseller recounts the maneuverings of a New York socialite to land her husband the president's job in a small Pennsylvania college.

Mrs. G.B.S., by Janet Dunbar. She wasn't gay, witty or pretty—qualities Shaw admired extravagantly in other women—but her quiet nature excellently balanced his. Their marriage began, as Shaw would tell anyone who would listen, as "intellectual companionship" and ended 45 years later when she died, "in deep devotion."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (1, last week)
2. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (2)
3. City of Night, Rechy (3)
4. The Glass-Blowers, Du Maurier (4)
5. Caravans, Michener (8)
6. Grandmother and the Priests, Caldwell (5)
7. Seven Days in May, Knebel and Bailey (6)
8. The Collector, Fowles (7)
9. The Concubine, Loftis (9)
10. Raise High the Roof Beam, Salinger (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (1)
2. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (4)
3. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (2)
4. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (3)
5. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton (9)
6. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (5)
7. The Wine Is Bitter, Eisenhower (6)
8. Notebooks 1935-1942, Camus (7)
9. Travels with Charley, Steinbeck (10)
10. Portrait of Myself, Bourke-White

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LETTERS

The Madame's Power

Sir: I have argued with you, disagreed with you, and threatened to cancel my subscription (which I might yet do), but I have always read you.

As of now I am extremely proud of you. You seem to have been the first in the entire country to have recognized the awful power of Mme. Nhu.

RICHARD J. WETHERS

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: Mme. Nhu in your cover story of Aug. 9 is mistakenly termed a "queen bee." A far more appropriate term would be a black widow.

In my opinion she makes the Diem government seemingly and literally weak and indecisive. An impulsive, violent and radical person should not have the authority to shape the destiny of a country over which she has no legal powers.

Mme. Nhu was the ramrod in the ban on jazz and dancing in Saigon some time ago. A person this prudent on the one hand while on the other clapping at the thought of Buddhist nuns burning themselves to death seems highly unstable. If the U.S. is going to pump millions of dollars and hundreds of men into South Viet Nam it would be better not to have such a paradox in a governing position.

GRANT KEENE

Alto, Ga.

Sir: I was very surprised to be casually mentioned as "Mme. Nhu's father, who violently disapproves of her—and only partly because the government expropriated his vast property seven years ago."

Indeed an inaccurate allegation has been made which may impugn my motives. The truth is that the Ngo Dinh Diem government did not expropriate any property of mine by application of its land reform of 1956. By that time most of the land I had in excess of the allowed 247 acres had been abandoned by me and even by the peasants because of insecurity in that area of the province of Rach-Gia during the long Indo-Chinese war of 1946-54. This can be checked at the Department of Land Reform in Saigon and will give an idea of the fables that were told your reporter for eight hours. To my knowledge the land is still abandoned.

The Ho Chi Minh government did requisition my house and my law office in Hanoi in September 1945, immediately after the Viet Minh revolution in North Viet Nam, but that was only an effect, not the cause of my disapproval of Communism.

TRAN VAN CHUONG
Former Ambassador

Embassy of Viet Nam
Washington, D.C.

Russian Rules

Sir: I don't see how Nikita could have beaten Dean at badminton [Aug. 16] with the horrible form displayed in the picture—unless, of course, playing without a net allowed him to improvise rules as the game progressed.

WADLEIGH W. WOODS

Portsmouth, N.H.

The Bard's Petard

Sir: It seems to me that instead of using a "curious choice of words," Senator Morton [Aug. 16] was making an apt allusion

to the length of time Hong Kong Bureau Chief Charles Mohr talked to Chuong's daughter.

to a well-known Shakespearean quotation from *Hamlet*:

*For 'tis sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and 'I shall
go hard,*

*But I will delve one yard below their
mines
And blow them at the moon!*

I think the Senator sees us and the world at large dependent upon our own explosive, hard-to-control invention.

WILLIS G. WALDO

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Anti, Hyper & Quasi

Sir: I read the article on the Anglican Communion [Aug. 16] with great interest, and I thought it good. There is only one factual correction that I would make. It is said that the recent measure passed by Parliament freeing church courts from final appeal to the Privy Council was Ramsey-inspired. In fact, the initiation of this measure and of the Canon Law Measures goes much farther back. In 1948 and subsequent years, I initiated the machinery of inquiry and deliberation and drafting, whether by commissions or by the convocations out of which these measures came.

(THE MOST REV.) ARCHBISHOP

LORD FISHER OF LAMBETH

Dorset, England

Sir: Queen Elizabeth II is a welcome member of the Anglican Communion, but does she claim to be the head of the church? In the Book of Common Prayer we read, "The Church is the body of which Jesus Christ is the head and all baptized people are members."

Our Bishop Gooden—always ready with a pertinent joke—tells us that not long after the death of King George VI of England, when a Roman Catholic priest said to an Anglican priest, "I am sorry the head of your church died," the Anglican priest replied, "Yes, and on the third day He rose again!"

MAXINE KEENAN

Curundu, C.Z.

Sir: While the Rt. Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey supports antidisestablishmentarianism, the hyperantidisestablishmentarianism, in considering the archbishop's favor of greater liberty for the church, may feel that the revered churchman thinks quasiantidisestablishmentarianism.

CHARLES W. SAMUELS

Ridley Park, Pa.

Mark Twain at Marienbad

Sir: Your Aug. 16 report on the *bads* seems to echo the savory words of Mark

Twain, printed in 1892 by the New York Sun: "What I have been through in these two weeks would free a person of pretty much everything in him that wasn't nailed there—any loose thing, any unattached fragment of bone, or meat or morals, or disease or propensities or accomplishments, or what not. And I don't say but that I feel well enough, I feel better than I would if I was dead, I reckon."

These words seem appropriate also: "They say they can cure any ailment, and they do seem to do it; but why should a patient come all the way here? Why shouldn't he do these things at home and save the money? No disease would stay with a person who treated it like that."

Of course, Mark Twain had just spent two weeks in Marienbad.

DONALD F. PILKENTON

Alexandria, Va.

Playwrights' Protest

Sir: We protest your remarks about the late Clifford Odets [Aug. 23]. An important American playwright deserves more than a perfunctory dismissal with a tastelessly exhumed pun.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

GAVIN LAMBERT

JEROME LAWRENCE

ROBERT E. LEE

DOROTHY PARKER

LEONARD SPIEGELGASS

GORE VIDAL

Santa Monica, Calif.

What a Man

Sir: When we freshmen, back in 1919, saw Bill Douglas [Aug. 16], top senior student at Whittman College, stride the campus with his head toward the stars, we could say, "What a scholar!"

In later years, when he reached the Supreme Court and came within one man's whim of the presidency, we could agree, "What a driver!"

Now, when we see him a virile 64, marrying a nubile 23-year-old beauty, those of us left of his college generation can only gasp, "What a man!"

STUART WHITEHOUSE

Honolulu

Sir: This is a great year for nominations, and I have one! William O. Douglas: the Elizabeth Taylor of the Supreme Court. (MRS.) MARIE M. HAWES

Granville, Ohio

Wagnerism

Sir: Mr. Erich Leinsdorf to the contrary notwithstanding [Aug. 23], we have more first-class Wagnerian singers now than we had in the Melchior-Flagstad era. In the

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BOND STREET

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last few years the Metropolitan Opera has offered us such topnotch artists as Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kuchta, Inge Bjoner, Regine Crespin and Anita Valkki, sopranos; Jon Vickers, Sando Konya and Jess Thomas, tenors; Jean Madeira, Nell Rankin and Irene Dalis, mezzos; George London, Hermann Prey, Walter Cassel and Eberhardt Wachter, baritones; and Jerome Hines, Giorgio Tozzi and William Wilderman, basses.

This company could very easily give us the 30 or 40 performances of nine Wagner operas we used to have every season, and, judging from the attendance at the token performances we get now, people would come to hear them. There is only one reason for the current decline in the popularity of Wagner—Rudolf Bing.

Incidentally, I think most music lovers will agree that the overdriven orchestral excerpts from the operas are by no means Wagner's best work. His greatest genius was not in his wonderful melodies, or his magnificent orchestration, or his stunning orchestral effects, but in the symphonic development of his themes. This cannot be fully appreciated unless the operas are heard in full.

FRANK W. RITZMAN

New York City

All Rite

Sir: Your article on low-calorie soft drinks [Aug. 9] was unfortunately incomplete—you omitted mentioning the bestseller in the field. The big news, as everybody in the industry knows, is Diet-Rite Cola—by far the biggest seller and most widely distributed. Diet-Rite Cola alone, at present projections, will sell in 1963 the 50,000,000 cases you predicted for the entire industry. Parent Royal Crown Cola Co. already has more than 360 bottlers producing this product.

F. C. WEBER

D'Arcy Advertising Company
New York City

Infant Care

Sir: The fact is that "Infant Care" [Aug. 9] has carried pictures of Negro babies since its 1945 edition, so that the pictures in the new edition are in no way an innovation. Our records show that only two Southern Congressmen canceled their allotments.

During the first month that the new "Infant Care" was offered for sale by the Government Printing Office, some 61,760 copies of the new edition were sold. A total of 169,615 copies of "Infant Care" were distributed to Members of Congress during July—at their request. This set an all-time high in the number of copies requested by Congressmen during any one month.

KATHERINE B. OETTINGER

Chief, Children's Bureau
Department of Health,
Education, and Welfare
Washington, D.C.

Separate Prayers

Sir: In view of the fact that the Rev. Billy Graham and many others are at present condemning the U.S. Supreme Court for its decision in the Schupp-Murray Lord's Prayer and Bible reading in the public school cases, I am wondering how these critics of the Supreme Court's decision would bring a prayer into the public schools that would satisfy the Lutheran Synods [Aug. 23], let alone the Catholics, Jews and many other religious groups in our society. When a

single denomination, such as the Lutheran, finds it difficult to engage in joint prayer, isn't it the height of folly to expect school administrators and teachers to come up with a "common denominator" prayer or Bible reading that will satisfy all religious denominations in our country?

SAMUEL L. SCHEINER

St. Paul

One for the Girls

Sir: How about letting us see this blond, blue-eyed, circus strong man, matinee idol, Dancer Paul Taylor [Aug. 16]?

MARY WHITE

San Diego

► Take a look.—Ed.



MARTIN GROVE

Other Caprices

Sir: Your recent review of *The Last Caprice* [Aug. 9], describing odd wills and bequests, did not mention the strange testament of Mme. Marc Guzman, who died in 1908, leaving 100,000 francs to the French Academy of Science as an award for the first person "to communicate with inhabitants of any heavenly body other than the planet Mars."

Once considered forever unattainable, the fantastic Guzman Prize may conceivably be won before the end of this century by some explorer from Earth who contacts any lunarians, Venusians or other denizens of deep space—except Martians!

ALLEN GLASSER

Brooklyn

Sir: The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, in his book, *Mr. Meeson's Will*, published about 1888, tells of a dying testator, shipwrecked on a South Pacific isle, who was obliged to have his last will and testament tattooed on the back of the neck and shoulders of a young lady companion. When she was rescued and returned to England, the will was probated but could not be filed.

WILLIAM S. MIDDLETON

Harrisburg, Pa.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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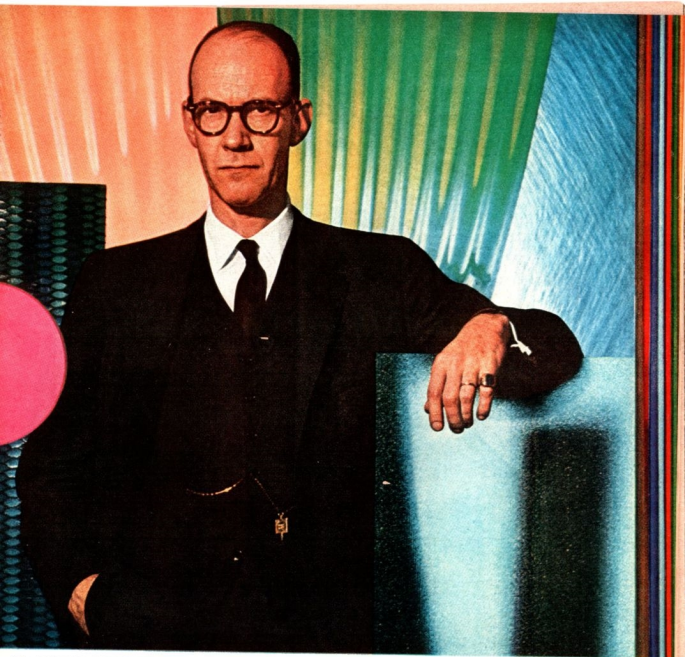
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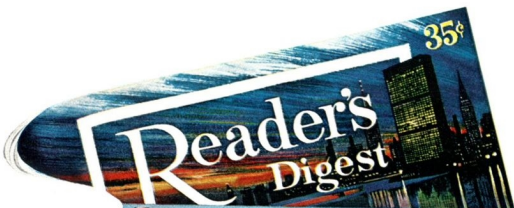
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



SIDEY & SUBJECT

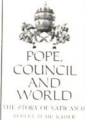
WEEK in and week out, our correspondents see a lot of history being made; and having filed their stories to TIME, they are apt to continue thinking about their subject. Many of their choicest anecdotes, their best quotes and their ideas on the subject will have appeared in the magazine, but they also know that a cumulative survey of the events they have lived with and reflected upon will have its own special appeal. And so these trained observers, on their own time or on leave of absence, sit down to write correspondents' books, those valuable first steps into history.

Two such works appear this week, from the typewriters of TIME correspondents. Hugh Sides has closely covered the President since senatorial days, and tells about it in *John F. Kennedy, President—A Reporter's Inside Story* (Atheneum, \$6.95). Sides is one of that "haughty elite," the regular White House correspondents: "When they move around the country in the wake of the President, they are ogled by girls, envied by local bank clerks, respected by college journalism students—in short, they are somebody by association." But at other times, dashing across fields to catch up with a presidential party, Sides wonders whether "strong legs are more of a requirement than big brains."

In his book, he is now able to describe the times, usually after some shattering public event, when the President, trusting Sides's confidence, would talk alone with him at day's end. Under the ground rules, the substance of the President's candid feelings about men and problems were often expressed in TIME without any reference to these conversations. Sides's book is sympathetic to his subject, but not uncritical. He

prefers to call it keeping the necessary middle distance of the journalist, "an outsider's view of inside the White House."

Robert Blair Kaiser studied ten years for the priesthood before becoming a journalist. Fluent in Latin, he was assigned by TIME to cover the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican in the fall of 1962, and his knowledgeable reporting won for him the 1963 Overseas Press Club award for the best magazine reporting on foreign affairs. Recently he took time off to write *Pope, Council and World* (Macmillan, \$4.95). So that he could get the solitude he wanted, he checked in at the Roman College of an international missionary order, and there for six weeks wrote from 8 in the morning until 1 the next, taking time out to go home to lunch with his wife Susan and daughter Polly. His book has already appeared in England and been highly praised. In the London Sunday Times, Critic John Raymond writes: "Mr. Kaiser writes in TIME style at its best—which is to say that his book is contemporary history recorded at a high level."



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The U.S. Air Force launched the first Agena space vehicle February 28, 1959. Last month it launched the 100th.

These Lockheed-built Agenas pioneered the space age for America. They were first to achieve polar orbit, maintain a stable attitude in space, maneuver in space, restart engines for maneuvering in orbit, re-enter earth's atmosphere from orbit, and have a payload recovered in mid-air. They sent NASA's Ranger on its way to the moon, NASA's Mariner on

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The remarkable record of the Agena is another example of Lockheed leadership in the management of today's complex space and weapon systems.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 30, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 9

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

"The Awful Roar"

(See Cover)

If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters.

—Abolitionist Negro
Frederick Douglass, 1857

In 1963, that awful roar is heard as never before.

"My basic strength is those 300,000 lower-class guys who are ready to mob, rob, steal and kill," boasts Cecil Moore, 48, head of the Philadelphia branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Says Mel Ladson, 26, a Miami leader in the Congress of Racial Equality: "I want to be able to go in that restaurant and eat, and it doesn't mean a damn to me if the owner's guts are boiling

with resentment. I want to nonviolently beat the hell out of him."

Predicts Dr. Gardner Taylor, 45, Negro pastor of Brooklyn's Concord Baptist Church: "The streets are going to run red with blood."

Cries the Rev. James Bevel, a Mississippi official of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference: "Some punk who calls himself the President has the audacity to tell people to go slow. I'm not prepared to be humiliated by white trash the rest of my life, including Mr. Kennedy."

These are voices—some voices—of the Negro revolution. That revolution, dramatically symbolized in this week's massed march in Washington, has burst out of the South to engulf the North. It has made it impossible for almost any Negro to stay aloof, except at the cost of ostracism by other Negroes as an "Uncle Tom." It has seared the white conscience—even while, in some of its excesses, it has created white bitterness where little or none existed before. And right up to the President of the U.S., it has forced white politicians who have long cashed in on their lip service to "civil rights" to put up or shut up.

The Welcome Pressure. Like every revolution, the Negro revolution is formless. It is, as ex-Slave Douglass said it must be, an oceanic tide of many waters. The voices of hatred are in the minority—so far. But they often drown out softer, equally determined and far more effective Negro voices.

Obviously, no Negro can speak for all. No organization can represent all Negro aspirations. But in the late summer of 1963, as the revolution intensifies, if there is one Negro who can lay claim to the position of spokesman and worker for a Negro consensus, it is a slender, stoop-shouldered, sickly, dedicated, rebellious man named Roy Wilkins.

Wilkins, 42, is executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the oldest (founded in 1909), biggest (400,000 members, and growing at the rate of 5% a year), and most potent of U.S. civil rights organizations. Wilkins himself is a professional in the business of protest. As a reporter and managing editor of Kansas City's crusading Negro weekly, the *Call*, for eight years, and as a fulltime N.A.A.C.P. worker for 32, he was a racial rebel in the days when

the white man's answer was not just a paddy wagon but, all too often, a lynch mob's rope.

Among many young, highly militant Negroes, it has become fashionable to denounce the N.A.A.C.P. as old-fashioned. Wilkins is keenly aware of the challenge. "Sure, young people pressure us," he says. "I welcome it." But, he insists, "many young Negroes today don't know the history of the fight to end segregation." There cannot, in fact, be any real understanding of the Negro revolution of 1963 without some understanding of the Negro's centuries-long struggle in America.

Toward Jim Crow. Negroes helped blaze trails in America, sometimes as slaves but often as scouts and valued aides to many of the famed explorers. They were with Columbus, Balboa, Ponce de León, Cortes, Pizarro, Menéndez, De Soto. Free Negroes were among the first pioneers to settle in the Mississippi Valley in the 17th century. In Virginia, Negro colonists knew no inferiority of status, owned land, voted, mingled with whites. Some 5,000 Negroes fought the British as troops in George Washington's army.

Many of the first slaves in America were, in fact, Indians. In bondage, how-



1880: LYNCH VICTIM

"There is no comparison now . . .



1963: MEREDITH'S GRADUATION

... with the fear we once knew."

ever, the Indian proved sickly, often died. Indentured white servants were used for a time but too often broke away, easily lost their slave identity among white colonists. Only after such failures did the white man begin large-scale enslavement of the Negro, who possessed two ideal qualities: he was strong, and if he fled, his face stood out in a crowd.

Contrary to the notion that his revolution is of relatively recent origin, the Negro has always fought against his servitude. Before the Civil War ended, there were at least 250 slave revolts or conspiracies in the U.S., including the slaughter of 60 Virginia whites in 1831. Between 1810 and 1860, some 100,000 slaves, valued at more than \$30 million, slipped away to freedom in the North. Others protested in more subtle ways. They took to their beds with mysterious

causation for the Advancement of Colored People. In 1905, the brilliant but eccentric Dr. William E. B. Du Bois,* one of the founders of the American Negro Academy, set up a narrowly based protest group of Negro elite known as the Niagara Movement (its first meeting was held near Niagara Falls in 1905). Declared Du Bois: "We claim for ourselves every right that belongs to a freeborn American—political, civil and social—and until we get these rights, we will never cease to protest and assail the ears of America with the story of its shameful deeds toward us." A well-to-do New York white woman, Mary White Ovington, covered that speech for the New York Evening Post, with other liberals conceived the idea of a national biracial conference on the Negro question. She helped persuade Post Publisher Oswald

as a redcap in St. Paul's Union Station and as a dining car waiter on the Northern Pacific, also labored on the cleanup squad at the South St. Paul stockyards in a room where congealed cattle blood was sometimes 18 inches deep.

After graduation from college, Wilkins landed a job on the *Call* in Kansas City—and it was there that he first really learned what it can mean to be a Negro in the U.S. "Kansas City ate my heart out," he recalls. "It was a Jim Crow town through and through. There were two school systems, bad housing, police brutality, bombings in Negro neighborhoods. Police were arresting white and Negro high school kids just for being together. The legitimate theater saved half of the last row in the top balcony for Negroes. If the show was bad, they gave us two rows."

The Rope's End. As one expression of his protest, Wilkins intensified his N.A.A.C.P. activities. But when the organization offered him a job on its magazine, the *Crisis*, he turned it down, fired off a frankly critical letter to N.A.A.C.P. headquarters in New York. The letter so impressed organization officers that they called Wilkins in for an interview and wound up hiring him as an aide to Executive Secretary Walter White.

At that time, the N.A.A.C.P.'s most massive efforts were directed against lynchings—and it is difficult for Americans today to realize just what terror that word held for Negroes. For the 30 years ending in 1918, the N.A.A.C.P. lists 3,224 cases in which people were hanged, burned or otherwise murdered by white mobs. No Negro could feel really safe—for reasons perhaps best described in the well-authenticated report of one famed lynching: "A mob near Valdosta, Ga., frustrated at not finding the man they sought for murdering a plantation owner, lynched three innocent Negroes instead; the pregnant wife of one waited at her husband's death so loudly that the mob seized her and burned her alive, too." Says Roy Wilkins of the priority given by the N.A.A.C.P. to its antilynch efforts: "We had to stop lynching because they were killing us. We had to provide physical security."

Wilkins himself suffered his first (and one of his few) arrests as a picket in Washington in 1934 after Franklin Roosevelt's Attorney General Homer Cummings failed to include lynching on the agenda of a national conference on crime. But as the N.A.A.C.P. had already discovered, and as Wilkins soon learned, the overt physical demonstration is not necessarily the most effective way to achieve Negro aims.

In the antilynch battle, the most powerful weapon of the N.A.A.C.P. was publicity. Wilkins' boss, Walter White, was a superb propagandist. Actually one sixty-fourth Negro in family-tree



DU BOIS



MARY OVINGTON



WHITE

They assailed the ears of America with the story of its shameful deeds.

"miseries." They "accidentally" ruined plows and wagons. They "forgot" to cinch a saddle tightly—and many a master took a painful fall.

The Civil War brought the Negro his "emancipation," and Reconstruction gave him an intoxicating power in Southern state legislatures that he was totally unprepared to exercise responsibly (Negroes outnumbered whites in the South Carolina legislature in 1868). Easily led by the Northern white carpetbagger, the Negro lawmakers, like those in some young African nations today, indulged in an orgy of pork-barreling and political corruption. It was in direct reaction to such abuses that Southern whites, on regaining political control, enacted Jim Crow laws. The first, passed by the Tennessee legislature in 1881, imposed segregated seating in railroad cars. Other Southern states followed in other, more oppressive ways. By 1910, most of the laws that Negroes are fighting today were on the books.

Two Rows for a Bad One. It was the first decade of the 20th century that gave birth to the National Asso-

ciation for the Advancement of Colored People. In 1905, the brilliant but eccentric Dr. William E. B. Du Bois,* one of the founders of the American Negro Academy, set up a narrowly based protest group of Negro elite known as the Niagara Movement (its first meeting was held near Niagara Falls in 1905). Declared Du Bois: "We claim for ourselves every right that belongs to a freeborn American—political, civil and social—and until we get these rights, we will never cease to protest and assail the ears of America with the story of its shameful deeds toward us." A well-to-do New York white woman, Mary White Ovington, covered that speech for the New York Evening Post, with other liberals conceived the idea of a national biracial conference on the Negro question. She helped persuade Post Publisher Oswald

Garrison Villard, who later edited the *Nation* for 15 years, to write a "Call to Action" that led directly to the formation of the N.A.A.C.P. Among those who issued the call on Lincoln's Birthday 1909 were Professor John Dewey, William Lloyd Garrison, Jane Addams, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Lincoln Steffens.

The N.A.A.C.P.'s lifetime is covered almost exactly by that of Roy Wilkins. The grandson of a Mississippi slave, he was born in St. Louis in 1901. His mother died of tuberculosis, and because his father was not able to keep the family together, Roy was reared in St. Paul by an aunt and an uncle. In a poor but racially mixed neighborhood, Roy's best friends included three Swedish kids named Hendrickson. To help pay for his sociology studies at the University of Minnesota, Wilkins worked

* Du Bois left N.A.A.C.P.'s research staff under pressure in 1948 because of his leftist political activities. In 1961, at the age of 93, he joined the Communist Party, became a frequent visitor to Russia and Red China. He has lived in Ghana since 1960, became a citizen this year.

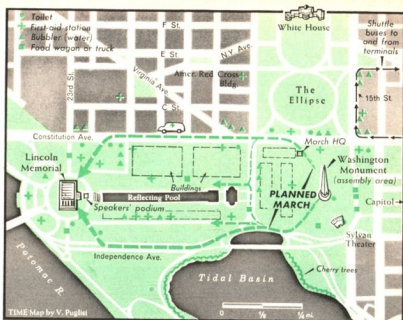
terms, White insisted upon classifying himself as a Negro. He was blond and blue-eyed, and one of his favorite tactics was to go out to investigate a lynching, pass himself off as a white newsman, win the confidence of local law officials—and return to write a brutally detailed report.

The N.A.A.C.P. never did achieve its main aim, that of a federal antilynch law. But it did impress itself enough on the white conscience to end lynching. Slowly, tortuously, the lynch rate fell from 64 in 1921 to 28 in 1933 to five in 1940 to, for the first time, none in 1952. To be sure, white hoodlums still love to lob bombs at the homes of Negro leaders, but the last real lynch killing that the U.S. has known was that of Mississippi Negro Mack Charles Parker in 1959. Says the N.A.A.C.P.'s Wilkins: "We have completely changed the thinking of the country on lynching. At one time it was defended in the Senate, and even in the pulpit. There is no comparison now with the fear we once knew."

"Paper Decrees." Once the struggle against lynch law was won, the N.A.A.C.P. could give top priority to another drive—against segregated education. By deliberate decision, the organization made that assault not so much in the press, or on the streets, or in the lobbies of Congress, but in the courts. N.A.A.C.P. Special Counsel Thurgood Marshall pleaded the cause of school integration before the Supreme Court, was upheld in the historic decision of 1954—and in the minds of many Negroes at the time, that decision opened the way to real racial equality in the U.S.

This expectation fell far, and tragically, short of fulfillment. In both South and North, public officials found all sorts of ways to delay, avoid or simply ignore implementation of the Supreme Court's order. Dashed to the ground, Negro hopes arose once more in 1957, when President Eisenhower ordered federal troops into Little Rock to enforce token high school integration.

But even after Little Rock, progress seemed agonizingly slow. And in their disappointment, a multitude of Negroes began blaming the N.A.A.C.P. for its reliance upon the slow, stolid processes of the courts. Declared Negro Journalist Louis Lomax, 41: "The Negro masses are angry and restless, tired of prolonged legal battles that end in paper decrees. The organizations that understand this unrest and rise to lead it will survive; those that do not will perish." Asked if he thought his national leaders were asleep at the switch, Jersey City N.A.A.C.P. President Raymond Brown snapped: "Hell, they don't even know where the switch is." Some Negroes furiously turned to such Negro nationalist groups as the Black Muslims, whose New York leader, Malcolm X, tells whites: "The N.A.A.C.P. is a white man's concept of a black man's organization. Don't let any of those



THE MARCH IN WASHINGTON

MORE than 30 years ago, A. Philip Randolph, then and now president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, proposed a Negro march on Washington to protest civil rights abuses. It was never held. But Randolph never gave up in his advocacy of the merits of the idea. His desire became a dream—and this week he would see it come true.

Forget the Mayonnaise. To help dramatize the Negro's 1963 revolution, leaders of civil rights organizations seized upon Randolph's old idea, called upon sympathizers everywhere for a "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom." Representatives of different, often rival, organizations got together, fired out to state and local representatives volley after volley of handbooks, bulletins, press releases, charts, schedules, visceral warnings and soul-stirring exhortations. Said one broadside: "We march to redress old grievances and to help resolve an American crisis born of the twin evils of racism and deprivation."

The march organizers listed the demands that the parade would symbolize. Among them: 1) passage of the Kennedy Administration's civil rights legislative package—"without compromise or filibuster"; 2) integration of all public schools by the end of this year; 3) a federal program to "train and place all unemployed workers—Negroes or white—in meaningful and dignified jobs at decent wages"; 4) a federal Fair Employment Practices Act barring all job discrimination.

The march itself would go only from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial. But the march organizers made impressive logistical

plans. They urged marchers to bring plenty of water—but not "alcoholic refreshments." They suggested peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, emphasized the shortcomings of mayonnaise "as it deteriorates, and may cause serious diarrhea." They reminded everyone to wear low-heeled shoes, to bring a raincoat, to wear a hat, to remember their sunglasses.

Forget the Kids. They told marchers to leave their children at home, strongly suggested that each marcher buy a 25¢ button, displaying a black hand clasping a white hand and wear it on parade. They arranged for 292 outdoor toilets, 21 portable water fountains, 22 first-aid stations manned by 40 doctors and 80 nurses to be scattered under the monument and along the route of the march.

To help out, the National Council of Churches volunteered to make up 80,000 box lunches (a cheese sandwich, an apple, a slice of pound cake) at a cut-rate 50¢ price for marchers. District of Columbia police offered motorcycle escorts to meet incoming buses at the city's outskirts, and 5,600 cops to patrol the parade. The Army promised to send 4,000 extra troops into the area—just in case of an emergency. The Washington Senators postponed games scheduled for Aug. 27 and Aug. 28 so that baseball would not distract anyone from serious marching. In case of arrests, judges promised to be available on a 24-hr. basis.

Philip Randolph could only be pleased with the thought that his dream was about to be realized. Said he: "It will be one of our greatest American experiences—creative, constructive, inspirational."

black integrationists fool you. What they really want is your woman."

In this epochal era of Negro frustration, new leaders and new organizations began bursting out all over. Perhaps the most successful has been the Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In 1955-56, Baptist King, an exponent of the Gandhian technique of massive but passive protest, successfully led a boycott to end bus segregation in Montgomery, Ala. The post-Little Rock disappointments gave King's movement even greater impetus. King himself has explained: "We were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present

across the pages of the world's press—of a young Negro sent sprawling by a jet of water, of a Negro woman pinioned to the sidewalk with a cop's knee at her throat, of police dogs lunging at fleeing Negroes.

With that, millions of people—North and South, black and white—felt the fangs of segregation and, at least in spirit, joined the protest movement. The revolution was on—in earnest. Places little known for anything else became bywords for racial conflict—Anniston, Ala., Albany, Ga., Prince Edward County, Va., Cambridge, Md., Englewood, N.J., Greenwood and Greenville, Miss., Goldsboro and Greensboro, N.C.

Baltimore Postman William Moore, a white man murdered as he walked along an Alabama highway wearing

CHARLES MOORE—BLACK STAR



HOSES BLASTING DEMONSTRATORS IN BIRMINGHAM

"We would present our very bodies . . .

our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community."

The Fangs. Last April, King sent out marchers, including troops of Negro schoolchildren, to protest discrimination in hiring and at lunch counters, rest rooms and other public facilities in Birmingham. Many civil rights leaders, both Negro and white, thought the effort was singularly ill-timed—after all, a new, perhaps more moderate, city administration was about to take over Birmingham. But the way it turned out, King's demonstrations may reasonably be considered the sparking point for the Negro revolution of 1963.

King's accomplishment came only with the inadvertent help of Birmingham whites, particularly that of Public Safety Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor, who during the Birmingham crisis became an international symbol of blind, cruel Southern racism. When King sent out his marchers, Connor had them mowed down by streams from fire hoses. Shocking news photos splashed

an integration sign, and Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. Leader Medgar Evers, shot in the back outside his home, became martyrs to the cause. Direct-action protests proliferated. There were more "freedom walks" and "freedom marches"—and then came the "freedom calls," in which Negroes harass white city officials by calling them on the telephone, murmuring "Freedom" and hanging up.

There are boycotts—Negro leaders prefer to call them "selective patronage movements"—against business firms that discriminate against Negroes in their personnel practices. There are rent strikes against slumlords who refuse to repair Negro tenements. There is the "sit-in" technique and its myriad variations: the "swim-in" to integrate pools, the "wade-in" at beaches, the "pray-in" at churches, the "wait-in" at housing developments. Demonstrators jam restaurant parking lots in "park-ins," line up at theater ticket booths in "stand-ins," prostrate themselves before bulldozers at construction-site "lie-ins."

Demonstrators have harassed New York's Mayor Robert Wagner by a "chain-in," in which they tried to lock themselves to a city hall pillar. They even dumped tenement trash in City Hall Plaza to protest slum conditions:

The Ex-Heroes. In the rush of the revolution, Negro heroes fall fast. Less than a year ago, with the help of 16,000 federal troops sent in by President Kennedy, Negro James Meredith enrolled at the University of Mississippi. He graduated last week—but as a result of several statements he has made, he is now scorned by many Negroes as being too "moderate." James Hood, first male Negro ever to be enrolled at the University of Alabama, got along pretty well for a while—to the point that he started saying critical things about Negroes in public. As a result, he was so hounded by other Negroes that to get back on the right side of his own people he turned around and denounced university officials. Two weeks ago, facing expulsion, he withdrew from Alabama.

Similarly, the revolution sometimes imposes impossible demands on Negro leaders who try to be truthful. Says a Negro member of the Illinois state legislature: "Now, just by making a sober, honest judgment on how civil rights should be won, you can be called an Uncle Tom by anyone who disagrees. What does this do to Negro leadership? It demolishes it." And Massachusetts' Attorney General Edward Brooke, the highest elected Negro official in the nation, has made many Negro enemies because, even while going all out for civil rights, he argues that the Negro, too, has obligations to uphold. Says Brooke about Boston's Columbia Point Housing Project, which has many Negro tenants: "There's writing all over the walls, and children defecate right in the halls when there's a bathroom a few feet away. You can't just offer people equal opportunities; you have to show them what to do with those opportunities."

A Variety of Weapons. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People as headed by Roy Wilkins (he succeeded White in 1955) has also suffered under the pressures of the Negro revolution. But it has survived them and maintained its leadership. One reason is that Wilkins himself is a firm believer in the idea that the Negro should use every possible means to

* Other Negroes who hurdled racial barriers at Southern colleges amid extensive publicity seem to be faring better. Vivian Malone, who entered the University of Alabama with Hood, has pursued her studies without incident. Cleve McDowell, who followed Meredith at the University of Mississippi, still shares campus quarters with U.S. marshals, sticks to his law studies in lonely but dedicated fashion. Harvey Gantt has earned better-than-average grades at South Carolina's Clemson College, replying good-naturedly to the teasing of white students: "If you don't cut it out, I'll have lunch with you."

achieve his rights. If persuasion will serve, that is fine. But if violence is required, Wilkins accepts it. Said he in a recent speech: "The Negro citizen has come to the point where he is not afraid of violence. He no longer shrinks back. He will assert himself, and if violence comes, so be it."

What Wilkins really believes in is variety in attack. When street demonstrations seem likely to be effective, Wilkins is wholeheartedly for them. "But," he insists, "demonstrations are like prepping a patient for surgery. They often serve to get a community ready, and then we can move in with our other approaches. CORE people are good commanders. But Southern whites who regard the N.A.A.C.P. as the most dangerous enemy are correct. We have stuck to our knitting and used all our weapons."

In that same sense, Wilkins is perfectly willing to go along with Martin Luther King's Gandhian approach—sometimes. Says he: "Wherever Gandhi's techniques fit, they can be used. But it must be remembered that in India the Indian was in the majority; he could stop the country. In the U.S., the Negro is in the minority; he can't stop anything very long. Montgomery was made to order for the Gandhi approach, since 70% of the bus riders were Negro. But consider Tallahassee and Baton Rouge, where bus boycotts fell on their faces. These failures reflect on planning and analysis, and that's why they bother me."

Any realistic analysis of the Negro revolution must take into account at least five fundamental areas of Negro discontent:

- **JOB.** Many whites seem to assume that U.S. Negroes are better off financially today than ever before, but although Negroes made substantial income gains during World War II, they were not permanent. In the past decade, the median family income for nonwhites (now \$3,191) has slipped from 57% of white family income to 53%. The nonwhite unemployment rate is now 10.7%, almost double that of whites. In such a situation, the Negro has had little incentive for self-improvement. Says Wilkins: "Until recently, Negro children didn't think about being an engineer or a scientist. So they didn't study calculus, algebra, physics or electricity. And then people turn around and say, 'Why don't those Negro kids study hard like everybody else?' You wouldn't think a plumber's job was much, but it is. A plumber doesn't work too hard or too long, but he gets paid big. And Negroes who have that skill would like to get that pay." But Negroes cannot even become plumbers—if only because of the arrant discrimination of many of the nation's craft unions. In recent weeks, one of the more dramatic signs of the Negro revolution has been in demonstrations around construction sites in Philadel-

phia, New York, Newark, Chicago and Elizabeth, N.J. Some Negro leaders argue that Negroes should be given a "quota" of at least 25% of the workers on any construction job. Among the many who think this is wrong is Wilkins. "We're against quotas," he says. "Our association does not believe a white person should be discharged to make room for a Negro." Another is President Kennedy, who said last week at his press conference: "I don't think quotas are a good idea. We are too mixed, this society of ours, to begin to divide ourselves on the basis of race or color." But the fact remains that the U.S. Negro wants, and has a right to, better job opportunities.

- **EDUCATION.** The most dramatic clashes in the civil rights struggle have oc-

curring over the integration of public schools. Yet last spring in 17 Southern and border states and the District of Columbia, only 7.9% of all Negro pupils attended public schools with whites. The snail's pace is indicated by the fact that this was an increase of only one-tenth of 1% over the preceding autumn. Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina still did not have a single Negro child seated in a subcollege public classroom with a white pupil. Georgia had only 44, Louisiana 107, Arkansas—despite Little Rock—only 247. For the upcoming school year, more than 80 Southern school districts have announced plans to desegregate. These include such racial tinderboxes as Birmingham, Baton Rouge and Pine Bluff, Ark.—and in all these, violence is possible. Still, much of the Negro's attention has shifted to protest against *de facto* segregation in the North, where segregation created by neighborhood housing patterns presents a far more complex problem. Negro leaders in New York, Boston, Oakland, Calif.,

Detroit, St. Louis and Chicago (see EDUCATION) threaten a mass "stay-out" by Negro students this fall from schools that are mostly Negro if only by reason of residence. In New Rochelle, N.Y., and several other cities, some Negro children during the next school year will be transported by tax-supported buses to nonsegregated schools. There is even the reverse notion that in the interests of integration white children should be pulled out of schools near their homes and carried to mostly Negro schools. Negro leaders in New York are demanding such transfers throughout the city, but School Superintendent Calvin E. Gross declares: "Their parents are just in terror that their children will be plucked from their neighborhood and taken across town to another school."



NEGRO SLUM AREA IN CHICAGO
... as a means of laying our case."

We are not prepared to bus children involuntarily in a neighborhood switch."

- **HOUSING.** Housing is the most emotional issue. By one means or another, Negroes are generally prevented from moving into desirable white neighborhoods. Around Chicago, only 22 of 253 suburbs have more than 100 Negro residents. In California, less than 2% of the homes built since World War II have been available to Negroes. President Kennedy's long-delayed executive order barring discrimination in the sale of Government-financed residences so far seems to have had no large-scale effect. Despite statistics to the contrary, the belief that property values inevitably fall when Negroes move into a neighborhood scares many whites who otherwise champion civil rights. In their own minds, at least, the choice is between their idealism and their wallet—and in the showdown, idealism often loses out.
- **VOTING.** Despite persistent pressure by the Justice Department and courageous registration drives by Negro organizers

in the South, only 29% of the region's potential of 2,000,000 Negro voters have so far been accepted by local registrars. Many civil rights leaders believe that nothing would improve the Negro's condition faster than full voting power; yet none see any prospect that this will soon happen. Federal prosecution is tediously slow. The Kennedy Administration's 1963 civil rights bill, still bogged down in Congress, would speed up the process by automatically qualifying as literate anyone who has a sixth-grade education. Unfortunately, even this would not include a majority of Negroes in Mississippi and Alabama. What some Negroes want is federal cops in the county courthouse. "I don't see anything wrong with putting a marshal in voter-registration offices on the day that Negroes plan to register," says Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. Leader Aaron Henry. "It would encourage Negroes to register and dissuade the registrar from giving them trouble."

• **PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS.** Almost half of about 900 civil rights demonstrations staged since last May have revolved around the right of the Negro to eat in any place that he can afford, to sleep in any hotel or motel, to play in any park, or to enjoy the facilities of any other so-called "public accommodation." Substantial progress has been made: in the past three months, at least 275 towns have desegregated some sort of public facility. But the average U.S. Negro still seems to view his exclusion from public places as the worst insult of all. "I don't know anything that humiliates me more than to be out in the car and have one of my daughters ask to go to the bathroom and have to tell her, 'No, we can't stop at any of these places,'" says S.C.L.C.'s Rev. Andrew Young. "Every time one of them wants to go, it's a family crisis." The public-accommodations section is the most controversial of all in the Kennedy Administration's proposed legislative package on civil rights. But Attorney General Robert Kennedy is determined to fight it through despite the legalistic debate over the best constitutional basis for such a law. "The other sections of the bill are ways of tunneling in to get at the smoldering origins of the fire," he says. "This one takes care of the flames."

In striving toward Negro goals in these fields, Roy Wilkins must often tolerate wild men even within his own organization. Perhaps the most outspoken of these "Mau Mau," as they are called by responsible civil rights leaders, is the N.A.A.C.P.'s Cecil Moore in Philadelphia. Moore pours his venom on everyone: "The Urban League was created to be a beggar. CORE is made up of an infinitesimal number of Negroes and an even lesser number of frustrated whites who are trying to save their guilt. Half of all social workers are queer."

Wilkins stands in direct contrast to such demagogic types. The 14-hour

days he normally puts in at his job are severely straining his strength. He survived surgery for stomach cancer in 1946, but he has a serious gall-bladder ailment that keeps him off the cigars and social drinking he used to enjoy. It does not, however, keep him out of his ivory Triumph sports car, which he loves to drive along parkways near the apartment he shares with his St. Louis-born wife Minnie in an integrated neighborhood in Queens.

Although he is a rebel whose anger burns fiercely, Wilkins maintains an ability to analyze rationally even the most emotional of problems. His mind drives toward specific detail (it also collects such trivia as the number of Cokes bottled annually in New York



WILKINS & WIFE
"It's exciting to be a Negro."

City, the timetables of obscure railroad runs) rather than fuzzy generalization. And when Wilkins speaks of his lifetime in the Negro revolution, his subdued eloquence is of the sort that—if anything can—may yet create an accommodation satisfactory both to most Negroes and most whites.

"It's really thrilling and exciting to be a Negro in the '60s," he says. "The whole gamut of Negro life is an adventure if you can roll with the punches and not let it get you into the valley of bitterness. I've never been motivated by any persistent strong feeling against white people. Thank God, I've never lost my anger, though, and I've used it sometimes. White people are like colored. They are glad and sad. They know poverty and trouble and divorce and sickness. I may be an incurable optimist, but I believe there are more people who want to do good than do

evil. The Negro couldn't have made it without the help of some white people.

"Southern whites have a stake in this movement. You can't keep a man in a ditch without staying in there with him. White people have been prisoners of this situation, just as we have been. The whites living today didn't cause it and neither did we, but the whites sustain it because it's comfortable and profitable.

"This urgency? This new push? Well, it's cumulative. It's the emergence of Africa. It's being hungry. It's military desegregation. It's the G.I. Bill. It's major-league baseball with Negroes. It's the 8,000 to 10,000 Negroes graduating from college each year, 100,000 since the war. It's the mechanization of farms—the move from farms to Southern cities and then to Western cities. It's the consumer demand television builds. It's kids being impatient. That's why we have it now.

"The back of segregation is broken. A whole new era is before us. This will be a period when the Negro will have to make readjustments. We must counsel our Negro population on induction into an integrated society, teach them that you can't blame all disabilities on race, because this is self-defeating. A great number of Negroes are ready for all their rights now. A great number are not fully aware of the competition and responsibility which await them in an unsegregated world.

"There's going to be beer, and doubleheaders with the Yankees, and ice cream and mortgages and taxes, and all the things that whites have in their world, and tedium too. It's not going to be heaven."

FOREIGN AID

The Stunning Setback

President Kennedy was furious. In a hastily called news conference he denounced the U.S. House of Representatives for a "shortsighted, irresponsible and dangerously partisan" action. The House's Republican leaders, he snapped, were guilty of "a shocking and thoughtless" attack on a program vital to U.S. security.

That program was foreign aid—and the House that very afternoon had indeed given the President's foreign aid authorization bill an awful going-over. The Administration originally had requested \$4.9 billion for foreign aid. Then, after the report of a presidential committee headed by retired General Lucius Clay had criticized the program, the Administration scaled down its demands to \$4.5 billion. The House Foreign Affairs Committee cut the program even further, to \$4.1 billion. And last week the House knocked out still another \$585 million, slashing the total authorization to \$3,502,075,000. It was the worst defeat ever suffered by the controversial foreign aid program.

The authorization had come to the

House floor only after a highly skeptical report was made by the Foreign Affairs Committee. Why, asked the committee, should the U.S. taxpayer be required to help an anti-American, Communist-leaning country like Indonesia? The report questioned the wisdom of continuing open-handed aid to the politically unstable Near East—Israel and its Arab enemies. It recommended that Congress consider the "withholding of economic assistance from those countries which persist in policies of belligerence and in preparations for their execution." It suggested drastic reductions in aid to both India and Pakistan until they settle their long-standing disputes.

"Too Damned Big." With such ammunition, foreign aid critics could hardly wait to assault the bill on the House floor. Cried Iowa Republican H. R. Gross: "The day and the hour are at hand to begin ending this foolish notion that it is within the capability of the American people to solve all the problems of the world." Florida Democrat James Haley hoped that Congress would kill "this gigantic boondoggle."

Said Illinois Republican Edward Derwinski: "When I label this bill unsatisfactory, I am truly guilty of understatement, since this year, more than ever before, it represents by its size and scope and basic inconsistency an insult to the intelligence of the American public." G.O.P. Whip Les Arends, who had never before voted against a foreign aid program, warned that this time he would, unless there were substantial "retrenchment and revision." In private, Republican Leader Charles Halleck uttered his own blunt comment on the bill: "This amount is too damned big."

Last-Ditch Stand. In vote after vote, the bill's critics pushed through amendments. One would require that 50% of all Development Loan and Alliance for Progress funds be channeled through private enterprise. Another tightened aid restrictions on nations that trade with Cuba. Still another established a minimum interest rate of 2% on Development loans—as against the nominal $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% "service charge" now required of some economically ailing nations.

By now the Administration was thoroughly alarmed, in a last-ditch effort even enlisted the help of Dwight Eisenhower, who called Halleck to urge support of the bill.

The key vote, when it came, was on a motion to send the bill back to the Foreign Affairs Committee, instructing it to cut \$160 million from the \$1.06 billion Development Loan Fund, \$150 million from the \$600 million for Alliance for Progress, \$225 million from the \$1.2 billion for military assistance, and \$50 million from a \$200 million presidential "contingency" fund. The Administration has a 257-177 Democratic majority in the House. But on the crucial vote, 66 Democrats and 156 Republicans joined in a stunning 222-188 decision to slash foreign aid.



JOINT CHIEFS TESTIFYING: LEMAY, WHEELER, McDONALD & SHOUP
Disadvantages, reservations and possibly one blown gasket.

DEFENSE

Of Treaties & Togas

The witness arrived in Washington unheralded and drove straight to Capitol Hill, where Senator John Stennis' Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee was meeting in a closed-door session. Nobody in the Administration's upper echelons, none of the Pentagon's top civilian officials, not even Defense Secretary McNamara had been forewarned that he was going to testify. But it was not long before everybody in town knew that the Strategic Air Command's General Thomas S. Power had been around. "The Old Man," said a McNamara aide after Power finished speaking his mind on the nuclear test ban treaty, "will blow a gasket when he hears this."

No doubt about that. Power, who has bucked his bosses often during his career, expressed outright disagreement with the Administration's position on the partial test ban. "The treaty," he told the Senators flatly, "is not in the best interests of the U.S." What bothered Power, said Stennis after the secret hearing, was a gnawing doubt on whether "the U.S. can or would maintain its present undisputed superiority in nuclear power if it ratified the treaty. General Power believes this is the only present deterrent to war."

Among those disagreeing with Power were the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Their official position, as expressed in a statement approved by all of them: "While there are military disadvantages to the treaty, they are not so serious as to render it unacceptable." The senators posed a question: If the treaty had not already been initiated, would you be for it? Said Army General Earle G. Wheeler, "I would probably have come up with the same decision." The Navy's

Admiral David L. McDonald claimed that it "was not a decisive element." Declared Marine General David M. Shoup, "I had access to the words of the treaty before it was initiated and I was in favor of its being initiated."

Only Air Force General Curtis E. LeMay, Power's predecessor as commander of SAC, demurred to any degree: "I would think that I would have been against it." Among the things bothering LeMay: lack of an effective U.S. anti-ballistic missile, failure of the U.S. to develop a 50-to-100-megaton bomb. Said LeMay, whose blue uniform set him apart from his three khaki-clad colleagues: "There are net disadvantages from the military standpoint." Still, since the treaty had been initiated, LeMay was now willing to go along.

A Clay Pigeon. When the chiefs stepped down, it was the scientists' turn. Dr. Edward H. Teller, one of the developers of the hydrogen bomb and strong advocate of intensive atmospheric testing, told the Senate that "the signing was a mistake. If you ratify the treaty, you will have committed an enormously greater mistake." Teller's chief objection was that the U.S. would be unable to perfect an anti-ballistic missile. Though he admits that a workable system would probably cost an astronomical \$50 billion, he declared: "Missile defense may make the difference between our national survival and the end of the U.S. as a nation."

The Pentagon's research and development chief, Dr. Harold Brown, a 36-year-old Whiz Kid who ran the Livermore Lab at 33, challenged Teller, noted that while he was "a dear personal friend of Edward's, in this case I disagree with him." But Lewis Strauss, Dwight Eisenhower's Atomic Energy Commission chairman for five years, seconded Teller. The treaty is "a clay

pigeon," he said. "It is made to be breached. I think it will be breached to our disadvantage."

A Plaintive Plea. By week's end, the parade of pro and con witnesses had some Senators bobbing their heads from side to side faster than spectators at a Wimbledon tennis match. Admitting his confusion, California Republican Thomas Kuchel addressed a plaintive appeal to Nobel Prize-winning Chemist Dr. Willard Libby:

Kuchel: Let me put my tattered senatorial toga over your shoulders for a moment. How would you make a decision when some scientists urge that we approve it and others that we disapprove it: when the Joint Chiefs of Staff approve and when other renowned military leaders disapprove?

Libby: Well, Senator, you have no choice but to make up your own mind.

Kuchel: You can give me my toga back.

POLITICS

Having a Wonderful Time

The Governors of 15 Southern and border states last week gathered at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in annual conference. Their agenda was laden with such subjects as highway safety and budget administration. But where the Governors really got their kicks was in talking about, and maneuvering toward, 1964's presidential election.

"A Good Horse Race." A favorite pastime was matching John Kennedy against Barry Goldwater, who would certainly be the South's choice for the Republican nomination. Governor Orval Faubus, whose state has not been carried by a G.O.P. presidential candidate since 1872, said that his private polls show Goldwater ahead by 10% to 15%. Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders, whose state has never gone Republican in a presidential election, said

that a Kennedy-Goldwater contest would be "a good horse race."

Oklahoma's Henry Bellmon, the lone Republican Governor at the conference, judged that Goldwater would win his state handily in an election held now. Even North Carolina's Terry Sanford, a strong Kennedy supporter, sadly admitted that "certainly President Kennedy isn't as popular in North Carolina as he was six months ago." Sanford figured he knew the reason for the President's slip in the South—Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Said Sanford: "We had it knocked before this civil rights business. If he would fire Bobby tomorrow, we'd have it licked again."

Alabama's Governor George Wallace was playing his own particular game. Wallace arrived at the conference snorting that "I just want to raise a little hell." He forthwith introduced a batch of resolutions designed to embarrass the Kennedy Administration—one, for

THE MAN WHO DIFFERED—AND THE REASONS WHY

SAC Commander Thomas Sarsfield Power, the four-star Air Force general who last week took a foursquare stand against the nuclear test ban treaty, has never shied away from a scrap with his superiors. In 1959 he completed a book advocating, under certain conditions, a preemptive first strike against Russia. The Defense Department hurriedly suppressed the work, ordered Power not to permit its publication. In 1960 Power raised President Eisenhower's hackles by damning the Administration's defense budget as perilously inadequate. Last year Power clashed with the Kennedy Administration over its foot-dragging on the B-70 bomber.

"That Is Deterrence." In his field, Power is an expert among experts. He has read and remembered virtually everything ever written on nuclear weaponry and strategy. Missouri's air-minded Senator Stuart Symington has called him "one of the world's two foremost authorities on strategic airpower"—the other being Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay. At 58, Powers is the oldest bomber commander still on duty; under his control are hundreds of long-range missiles and a fleet of 1,400-odd Strategic Air Command bombers that account for perhaps 90% of the free world's firepower. "You must convince the enemy that no matter what he does, he will be destroyed," says Power. "That is deterrence."

The son of Irish immigrants, Power was born in Great Neck, N.Y. He fell in love with the air at 20, after a spin in a Flying Jenny, skipped college to attend flying school, and won his second lieutenant's bars in 1929. A bomber man from the first, he was assigned to the 2nd Bomb Wing at Virginia's Langley Field. During World War II he flew B-24s over North Africa and Italy, commanded a Guam-based B-29 wing that made the first large-scale fire-bomb raid over Tokyo. Later, he helped plot the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the 1946 A-bomb tests at Bikini.

Power served under growly, grumpy Curt LeMay in the Pacific and impressed his boss—probably, say some cynics, because Power was so much like LeMay. The day LeMay took over SAC in 1948, Tom Power became his deputy, soon earned a reputation as a hatchet

man who executed orders with iron-pants precision. After six years, he moved to Baltimore to head the 40,000-man Air Research and Development Command, returning to Nebraska's Offutt Air Force Base to take over SAC in 1957.

Six Rings Away. As SAC commander, Power is never more than six rings away from telephones that can put him in immediate touch with the President, the Joint Chiefs, and a global network of 75 SAC bases. Even his golf cart is rigged with communications gear. As commander of the 200-man, multiservice Joint Strategic Targeting Planning Staff, he is also charged with assigning targets to every bomber and guided missile in the U.S. arsenal.

Power drives his subordinates to superhuman effort. Says one harassed underling: "He's been around Mach 2 planes for so long, that's the only speed he knows." But Power's impatience is rooted in the conviction that the U.S. must maintain a powerful deterrent "as long as our very existence is threatened by an untrustworthy, unpredictable and unreasonable power." Acting on that conviction, he told a 1959 congressional committee that was reluctant to give him the bombers and missiles that he wanted: "You are risking the whole country." He was always demanding more money for SAC, to the point that he finally drew a stinging rebuke from Ike, who griped publicly: "There are too many of these generals who have all sorts of ideas." But Power persisted, eventually won authorization to keep

50% of all SAC bombers on 15-minute alert and a smaller number—the exact figure is secret—constantly in the air, each totting a 24-megaton H-bomb.

Nuclear Impasse. To Power, the best answer to the Soviet threat is to "maintain the deterrent margin at the same convincing level which thus far has made aggression against this country appear too costly." Ultimately, he says, the answer is "nuclear impasse," which he defines as the point at which "a surprise attack can no longer prevent or even minimize retaliation." And to those who accuse him of warmongering for holding such views, he replies: "It is invariably the weak, not the strong, who court aggression and war."

SAC'S POWER



example, would have condemned the Administration's civil rights package as "the most irresponsible piece of legislation ever sponsored by a national administration." But the other Governors refused to go along, and Wallace never brought his resolutions to a floor vote.

Too Tired. In the grand old game at White Sulphur Springs, there were even some international cards for a hand or two. Some Kennedy critics had been watching with great interest Dr. Edward Teller's outspoken Washington testimony against the Administration-backed atomic test ban treaty. It would, they decided, be a fine idea to invite Teller to explain his treaty objections to the conference. Teller accepted, promised to catch an overnight train to White Sulphur Springs.

But the invitation to Teller raised angry protests that it was merely another device to embarrass the President. Conference Chairman Faubus, who had gone along with the invitation to begin with, changed his mind, rescinded the invitation. But Teller was already on the way. Messengers raced to intercept him at rail stations along the way. They missed him. But somehow, it seemed, Teller got the word. He never appeared in White Sulphur Springs and next morning was back in Washington. Teller explained vaguely that he had just gotten tired, decided to turn back, and left the train—just where, he could not remember, because "it was dark."

At week's end the Governors went home. They may not have solved too many state problems. But so far as national politicking was concerned, they had had a wonderful time.

No Crusades

Nobody ever got more political mileage out of a minor Senate subcommittee job than the late Estes Kefauver. As chairman of the Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, he mounted crusading investigations into a myriad of alleged wrongs, from price rigging in the electrical industry to overcharging by drug companies. To replace the Keef, Mississippi Democrat James O. Eastland, chairman of the parent Judiciary Committee, last week named a man who is every bit as liberal as Kefauver was, but far less flamboyant and aggressive: Michigan Democrat Philip A. Hart, 50.* While Kefauver often seemed to regard bigness as evil and businessmen as knaves, Hart served notice that he does not. "When you get on the Monopoly subcommittee," said he, "the feeling develops that you're out to change the economic system. That's not me."

As for Kefauver's Senate successor, Tennessee Governor Frank Clement, 43, named an aging, ailing politician who is obviously going to Washington just to keep the seat warm. He is longtime Democratic National Committeeman

* Named to Kefauver's Appropriations Committee post was Wisconsin Democrat William V. Proxmire, an unorthodox liberal who called the appointment "a golden opportunity to keep federal spending down."



MAGNUSON & WIRTZ (CENTER) AT RAILROAD DISPUTE MEETING*
Time to fish, cut bait, or go ashore.

Herbert S. ("Hub") Walters, a millionaire roadbuilder, banker and natural-gas distributor. Walters is 71, and has twice undergone surgery for malignant tumors, including a 1948 throat operation that cost him his vocal cords. As a result, he cannot speak above a hoarse whisper. There is every likelihood that Walters will step down next year to permit Clement himself to run for the remaining two years of Kefauver's term.

LABOR

An Unhappy Precedent

Something seemed to be different. Last year, in the name of protecting the nation's economic interests, President Kennedy leaped headlong into a successful effort to keep Big Steel from raising its prices. But in 1963, with Big Labor threatening a devastating national railway strike for this week, Kennedy clearly wants no part of the dispute.



CLEMENT & WALTERS
Keeping it warm.

To be sure, his Secretary of Labor, Willard Wirtz, has labored patiently to bring about a settlement. Last week he even got the five operating railroad unions to agree, for the first time, to "consider" the "principle of arbitration" as a means of settling key issues. The unions decided that they still didn't care at all for the principle. Negotiations broke down.

That left the whole messy business in the lap of Congress—where Kennedy had pitched it five weeks ago by asking for legislation setting up compulsory arbitration machinery. Congress also would have loved to stay aloof—but now there was little choice. "The time has come," said New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, senior Republican on the Senate Commerce Committee, "for us to fish, cut bait, or go ashore."

The Commerce Committee got to work, hammered out a bill calling for a seven-man board (two union men, two management men, three "public" representatives) to dictate terms of settlement for key issues within 90 days, with others to be settled by 120 days of bargaining. A similar measure was introduced in the House.

Thus, for the first time in memory, Congress found itself being forced to legislate arbitration of a labor dispute. The precedent pleased nobody. Wirtz feared that many disputes from now on may be settled by Congress. Eventually, this could badly damage collective bargaining. Eight Democratic Senators—including Commerce Committee Chairman Warren Magnuson—produced at week's end a statement that focused on these fears. Said they: "Free collective bargaining must survive without a precedent that would substitute legislation for negotiation."

* Facing the camera, from left: Chief Management Spokesman J. E. Wolfe, Magnuson, Wirtz, Firemen's President H. E. Gilbert, and Switchmen's President Neil Speirs.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Crackdown

Over and over, the desperate voice shouted into the telephone: "They are breaking into Xa Loi Pagoda. They are breaking into Xa Loi Pagoda." In the background, gunfire mingled with the confused screams of Buddhist monks and nuns and the clanging alarm of the huge brass gong that hangs in the bell tower of Saigon's largest pagoda. Suddenly the phone connection from the temple went dead.

It was 12:20 a.m. Using their rifle

RAYNARD F. WOLFE



SAIGON'S XA LOI PAGODA
They still hold the ashes.

butts as clubs, squads of tough, riot-trained "special forces" smashed into the pagoda, battering a path through a small guard of young Buddhist monks. The troopers had a list, and each monk on the list was considered to be a "Communist in disguise." On the temple's second floor, one monk tried to resist and was thrown bodily from a balcony to the courtyard 20 ft. below. Other monks and nuns were routed from behind a flimsy barricade of wooden benches and forced outside by tear gas and gunshots.

Sacking the pagoda's main altar, the raiders carted away the charred heart of Buddhist Martyr Thich Quang Duc, who last June was the first of five Buddhists to burn himself to death in pro-

test against the Diem government's anti-Buddhist drive. But the Buddhists managed to spirit out of the building the receptacle holding Quang Duc's ashes. "The ashes are holy," said one monk. "We would give 15 lives to defend them." Two other monks escaped over the back wall of Xa Loi (pronounced sah loy) into the grounds of the adjoining U.S. Aid Mission, where they were given temporary sanctuary.

To the Diem government, the crackdown obviously seemed necessary to protect the regime—and enforce the law of the land—against Buddhist defiance. But it was brutal, nonetheless, and it aroused a strong new wave of sympathy for the Buddhists. It also put U.S. policy in South Viet Nam, which involves the lives and safety of 14,000 U.S. troops, into an agonizing dilemma. While often unhappy with Diem, the U.S. has proceeded on the assumption that it was safer to stick with him than risk the chaos that might surround a switch to a new, unknown and unpredictable regime. But by his move against the Buddhist monks, who have the growing support of the country's vast Buddhist majority, Roman Catholic Diem may finally have shattered his own political usefulness. He also opened up the possibilities of coups, counter-coups, and even civil war—from all of which only the Communist Viet Cong could benefit.

Boola, Boola. Until last week, prodded by the U.S., Diem had displayed an apparent willingness to conciliate the Buddhists. Feeling betrayed by Diem's crackdown, one ranking U.S. embassy officer said: "All the time they've been preaching conciliation to us, they've evidently been planning just the opposite." The Buddhist crisis had begun as a religious one, but gradually turned into a major political conflict. The Buddhists are far from passive martyrs. Their religious and social demands—a fairly modest package demanding full equality with the country's Roman Catholics—had never sounded crucial, especially since even Diem's worst enemies could not point to any real anti-Buddhist discrimination or persecution. But when government troops stupidly killed nine Buddhists in a demonstration in Hue (pronounced whey) four months ago, the Buddhists made the clearly political demand that the government accept "responsibility" for the incident. Since then, the Buddhists have developed into a serious opposition movement.

Pagodas, sporting protest signs in Vietnamese and English, became command posts where duplicating machines ground out hundreds of thousands of messages, and the sound of typewriters and telephones blended with the boom of temple gongs. Appeals for aid were broadcast to President Kennedy, Pope Paul VI, and U.N. Secretary-General

U Thant. At a grisly, well-organized press conference in Saigon, Buddhist leaders introduced a tiny, withered Buddhist nun as a candidate for self-immolation in protest against the Diem government. When one Buddhist spokesman who had studied at Yale wanted to pass out the latest communiqués from the pagoda, he would stroll up to a Yale-educated U.S. newsmen and say: "Boola, boola."

In the early phases of the quarrel, Diem probably could and should have conciliated the Buddhists. But he vacillated. His brother and sister-in-law, Ngo Dinh Nhu and Mme. Nhu, insisted that unless the Buddhists were crushed, there would be a coup threatening the very existence of the family's rule. Mme. Nhu's fiery philippics lent impetus to the Buddhist movement just as it appeared to be flagging. By last week, after three Buddhist suicides spurred new protest demonstrations throughout the country, it was clearly too late for conciliation. Even if Diem had wanted it, the Buddhist leaders themselves no longer wanted it; they were plainly determined to press their advantage. And so the government evidently yielded to Nhu's get-tough policy.

Rope Trick. The crackdown in Saigon was duplicated all over South Viet Nam, and more than 1,000 people were imprisoned. In the Buddhist stronghold of Hue, the approach of government troops was signaled by the beating of temple drums and the clashing of cymbals calling for help. Beating pots and pans to rouse their neighbors, the angry populace poured from homes and raced to defend the city's temples. At Tu Dam Pagoda, monks tried to burn the coffin of a priest who had burned himself alive in the Buddhist suicide protest wave. But government soldiers, firing M1 rifles as they advanced, overran the temple, snatched the smoldering coffin away, and smashed a statue of Gautama Buddha. From the temple's treasury they took an estimated \$30,000 and left the pagoda a gutted ruin.

Near Hue's Dieu De Pagoda, the government forces met their first determined resistance. As troops tried to stretch a barbed-wire barricade across the bridge leading to the temple, a mob tore it down with bare hands. With fists, rocks and sharpened sticks, the crowd fought the heavily armed troops for the bridge. Tear-gas grenades thrown by the soldiers were caught and thrown right back at them. When troops tried to clear a way through the bridge defenders with their rifle butts, the crowd tore the weapons from their hands and jabbed the soldiers in the groin.

After a five-hour pitched battle, the government finally won control of the bridge at daybreak by driving armored cars through the screaming, spitting, swearing mob. The defense of the bridge and the temple cost the townspeople an

estimated 30 dead and 200 wounded. Ten truckloads of bridge defenders were carted away to jail, many streaming blood, and an estimated 500 people were arrested throughout the city, including 17 of the 47 Huế University professors who had resigned earlier in the week in protest against the firing of the school's rector, a Catholic priest and an opponent of Diem's brother, Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc.

Though a 24-hour curfew was clamped on Huế, the city's residents were still defiant. One Buddhist monk fled through the streets hotly pursued by three government troopers. The priest raced down an alley at whose entrance sat an aged Vietnamese woman. As the soldiers turned into the alley, the woman pulled tightly on a rope stretched across the street, bringing all three soldiers tumbling down. Then she scuttled away to safety.

Article 44. At 6 a.m., Radio Saigon cracked to life and President Diem came on the air. "Under Article 44 of the constitution," he said, "I declare a state of siege throughout the national territory. I confer upon the army of the Republic of Viet Nam the responsibility to restore security and public order so that the state may be protected, Communism defeated, freedom secured, and democracy achieved." Under the martial law proclamation, the army was given blanket search-and-arrest powers and empowered to forbid all public gatherings, restrict press freedom, and prohibit the circulation of all "printed material and other documents harmful to public order and security."

In Saigon the army imposed a tight 9 p.m.-to-5 a.m. curfew. Carrying automatic weapons and rifles with fixed bayonets, troops in full camouflage battle dress guarded every major bridge and



COLONEL TUNG
One had power.

intersection. Tight censorship was clamped on all outgoing news, and reporters were forced to give their stories to travelers flying to neighboring countries—or to fly out themselves with their copy. Telephone service in the homes and offices of all U.S. military and embassy personnel was cut off.

The political repercussions began at once. Protesting the government's action, Foreign Minister Vu Van Mau quit his post, shaved his head and announced that he would go to India to become a contemplative Buddhist monk. South Viet Nam's Ambassador to Washington, Tran Van Chuong, who is Mme. Nhu's father, also quit, with a sharp denunciation of his daughter's policies and of the Diem government for "copying the tactics of totalitarian regimes." As long as Diem stays in power, he added, there is "not one chance of winning the war against the Communists."

In Saigon more than 500 University of Saigon medical students boycotted classes and held turbulent anti-government meetings. When a professor tried to rip down a pro-Buddhist poster, he was stoned by students. Throughout the city, martial law posters were surreptitiously defaced or torn away. Students jeered at soldiers patrolling the streets: "Why don't you go back to fighting the Viet Cong?" The government retaliated against a student unrest by closing all Saigon's schools.

The Ugly American. The crackdown in South Viet Nam caused consternation in Washington. In a blunt condemnation the State Department said that Saigon's strong-arm tactics represented "a direct violation by the Vietnamese government of assurances that it was pursuing a policy of reconciliation toward the Buddhists. The U.S. deplors repressive actions of this nature."

The move against the Buddhists was obviously timed to be over and done with before U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge arrived in Saigon. When it happened, Lodge was in Japan. On the way out from San Francisco by commercial jet, he had found himself across the aisle from Novelist Eugene Burdick, co-author of *The Ugly Amer-*



GENERAL DON

ican, and that self-appointed expert on U.S. errors in the Far East offered the ambassador a half-hour briefing, to which Lodge listened diplomatically. The gist: don't rely on embassy officers, consult seasoned newsmen, beware of communications blocks in the embassy, get fighter cover for those combat helicopters.

On orders from President Kennedy, Lodge cut short his stay in Japan, and by hastily commandeered U.S. Air Force DC-6 proceeded at once to Saigon, where he was met by a Vietnamese protocol officer, embassy officials and General Paul Harkins, commander of the U.S. troops in South Viet Nam. As if to dramatize U.S. disapproval of the government action, Lodge went to the U.S. Aid Mission building to talk to the two monks who had been given sanctuary. Ignoring demands that the monks be turned over to Vietnamese authorities, Lodge ordered the U.S. staff to get some vegetables for the vegetarian priests.

Anti, Anti, Anti. What to do next was a question thickly clouded for both Lodge and Washington by confusion over precisely who was in control of the situation in South Viet Nam.

Diem still seemed in complete charge and in a cable to the New York Herald Tribune's Marguerite Higgins he declared, "I trust in the army and in fact I maintain control over the situation." But it looked increasingly likely that the key figure behind the government's move had been Brother Nhu, head of the 10,000-strong special forces and secret police. For weeks there had been hints that he might try a coup of his own—supposedly to forestall the anti-Diem coup that he kept predicting unless the Buddhists were put down. Any change in government policy, he had warned, would be "anti-Buddhist, anti-American, anti-weakness."

It was Nhu's special forces that



BROTHER NHU
He probably had the key.



LODGE & HARKINS AT SAIGON AIRPORT
How to keep the Reds from loving it all?

sacked the pagodas; regular army troops were only called in after the job was done to help keep order. Theoretically, under the martial law proclamation, it is now the army that runs the country, and, again theoretically, Diem placed top authority in Major General Tran Van Don, 46, a highly respected, onetime corps commander who has had great military success against the Viet Cong. But Don may merely be a figurehead. Hostile to the government, he was pulled out of his field command last December and kicked upstairs to a staff job, where he would have no troops at his disposal in case the thought of a coup ever crossed his mind.

Diem and Nhu evidently intended to vest real military power in another, very different officer, whose loyalty the Ngo family can count on, Colonel Le Quang Tung, commander under Nhu of the special forces. A devout Catholic, Tung comes from central Viet Nam, birthplace of the Ngo family, apparently has no political ambitions, and was once a top official in Nhu's secret organization, the Can Lao Party. As long as a month ago, large units of special forces were moved into Saigon under Colonel Tung's command. The big question is whether Tung can keep control and whether the regular army will go along—or will turn against the regime.

The Course of Events. After nine years of absolute power, the Ngo family had taken a considerable risk in letting so much authority slip from its hands under the martial law proclamation. Taking over the functioning of all government ministries, the army for the first time has a viable power structure of its own. It may well stay loyal as long as Diem remains in the presidential palace, but Nhu is vastly unpopular with most of the military commanders except Tung. The army immediately tried to dissociate itself from the Buddhist crackdown. All official bulletins from the army-controlled government

information center pointedly mentioned that Nhu's special forces, and not the army, had wrecked the pagodas.

But having discovered that an opportunity for power now exists outside the Ngo family, various military factions may well begin to jockey for sole authority. At week's end, according to one report, this fear was realized at the small town of My Tho, just south of Saigon, where Buddhist and Catholic troops turned on each other.

In the field, action against the Viet Cong has come to a virtual standstill. "This wrecks the Army's efforts against the Reds," said a senior U.S. intelligence officer. "They're too busy enforcing curfews to fight. How the Reds must be loving this." More than ever, Diem's government—or any other in South Viet Nam—depends on U.S. backing. Yet even if Washington should officially decide that Diem has become a liability in the fight against the Viet Cong, the U.S. will not support a change in government while the powers in Saigon are still settling accounts among themselves. Said one Washington official: "When the rumbling of opposition starts within a regime of this sort, you can't tell where events are going to take it."

BURMA

The Way to Socialism—& Havoc

While the world's attention was focused on South Viet Nam, another Southeast Asian nation was quietly going from bad to disastrous. Burma's business is virtually at a standstill, credit is nonexistent, foreign investment has vanished—all because Dictator Ne Win insists on instant, total socialism. Burma has 1,370 miles of mountainous border with Red China, and, says an Eastern European diplomat, "practicing socialism in such proximity to Communism is like walking a tightrope in a typhoon."

In foreign affairs, Ne Win has not yet been blown off the tightrope, has man-

aged to maintain what passes for neutrality: mildly hostile toward the U.S., friendly toward China (without, however, endorsing Peking's attack against India), friendlier toward Moscow—and, of course, accepting aid from all three. But domestically, the typhoon is causing havoc.

Nationalization. Energetic Dictator Ne Win, who is part-Chinese, in 1958 pressured Parliament into making him Premier in place of dreamy, inefficient but popular U Nu. After ruling for 17 months, Ne Win permitted national elections. U Nu won an easy victory and proved even more ineffectual than before. In March 1962, Ne Win jailed U Nu and most of his Cabinet, abolished Parliament, imposed censorship, and began to rule through a 17-man Revolutionary Council of army officers. Leaving nothing to chance, Ne Win named himself leader of the council, President of Burma, Minister for Defense, Finance and Revenue, and chief of the military tribunals that have replaced Burma's graft-ridden judiciary. Devout Buddhist U Nu is still under house arrest and passes the time in meditation and, presumably, in pursuit of his special obsession—astrology.

Ne Win also produced a vague document called "The Burmese Way to Socialism" and nationalized industry, collectivized agriculture, and took complete control of foreign trade. One Saturday afternoon, he grabbed the nation's 24 foreign and domestic banks. Britain's prestigious Lloyd's bank was renamed People's Bank No. 19, and the same fate befell two Red Chinese banks, putting a crimp in Rangoon's Communist propaganda machine.

Industrial production has fallen 40% in three months and urban unemployment has soared. The few remaining private companies are clamoring for nationalization, hoping to get a better break on raw material allocations and some protection against strikes. Because there are too few trained administrators to run any more enterprises, Ne Win last week was forced to refuse all future nationalization petitions. Although in the past the government encouraged workers to strike against private employers—in state-run businesses, strikes are considered unpatriotic—Ne Win last week urged labor to moderate its wage demands, in a belated attempt to pacify businessmen.

Insurrection. While crippling the economy, Ne Win has been striving for a measure of national unity. His fairly competent army of 50,000 men controls the main cities and about 50% of the Texas-sized nation. About 35% of the area is no man's land, and the remaining 15% is divided among a variety of insurgents, ranging from tribal groups, such as the Shans, Karens and Kachins, to two major bands of Communist insurgents, 1) the Trotskyite Red Flag movement, and 2) the larger White Flag Communists, who are fragmented into Stalinist and Re-

visionist wings. Still another insurgent outfit is composed of several hundred Chinese Nationalist soldiers who fled their homeland years ago and have since operated as bandits.

In vain, previous Burmese governments have offered amnesties to the rebels. Ne Win went farther: he promised a safe-conduct to rebel leaders for discussions in Rangoon. Red Flag Leader Thakin Soe accepted. He was picked up by a river gunboat, taken to a government airfield and flown to Rangoon, where he promptly demanded 1) a nationwide cease-fire, 2) withdrawal of Burmese troops from vital Red Flag areas, and 3) a meeting of all political factions—legal and illegal—to form a new government. Taken aback by these demands, Ne Win denounced Thakin Soe as "insincere" and gave him seven days' immunity to get back to the safety of his jungle hideouts.

Opposition. Though Ne Win is conceded to be honest and hard-working, easygoing Burmese long for the good old good-for-nothing government of U Nu, whose photo is still hawked on the streets and outsells that of Ne Win by a wide margin. One opposition leader, U Ba Swe, called on Ne Win "to retreat from the brink of disaster for the sake of the nation," and the ex-Ambassador to the U.S., U Win, demanded a return to parliamentary democracy. Both were packed off to "protective custody," along with nine other dissenters from instant socialism.

Nervous Ne Win frequently carries a pistol, and anti-aircraft guns stand ready at Government House. Yet, even though opposition to his regime is massive throughout the country, he still has the bulk of the army with him. And, as is his habit when he encounters obstacles, Ne Win changed course slightly. He temporarily rescinded controls on rice to placate farmers, offered to build

a new Student Union at the University of Rangoon (he had blown up the old one after a student riot in July 1962), and called a conference of his administrators to "improve and review" all measures enacted by the government.

Presumably to show he is not a total tyrant, Ne Win released three former Cabinet ministers (but not ex-Premier U Nu) from house arrest. Unless the army stages a coup, Ne Win may muddle along indefinitely. "It's not the Burmese way to man the barricades," explained a Rangoon educator. "Given our plentiful food supplies and the passivity of the people, it's possible for someone to misrule Burma for perhaps a decade before incurring true wrath."

INDIA

The Case of Nehru's Dog

In India, cried a socialist politician last week, 270 million people exist on 4¢ a day, while it takes 63¢ daily to feed Jawaharlal Nehru's dog. Not so, retorted Nehru: daily subsistence for 70% of the population is all of 20¢. (He did not deny his canine food costs.) The accusation, and the Prime Minister's reply, were fair samples of the acrimonious personal attack on Nehru last week during the first censure motion against the government in India's 16 years of independence.

With a 229-seat plurality, Nehru's Congress Party was in no danger. Nevertheless, the debate, which followed three shattering by-election defeats for the government, vented Indians' wide and rising dissatisfaction with the Congress Party policies that led to the nation's humiliating defeats by the Chinese last October. The attack on the government was led by J. B. Kripalani, longtime friend of Nehru and onetime president of his Congress Party, who was elected to Parliament recently as an independent.

Whole Skins. "This government has failed in its domestic policy," declared Kripalani. It "has failed in its foreign policy, and it has failed in its economic policy. The people feel depressed and frustrated, and believe the country has slid back during the past 15 years." The government's longtime policy of "non-alignment," Kripalani argued, no longer fits "national needs." Said he: "You cannot coexist with someone who does not believe in coexistence. We are at war with China."

The government's case was not notably helped by Krishna Menon, who, in his first major speech in Parliament since he was sacked as Defense Minister last winter, made the curiously unguarded admission that the government's nonalignment policy was based, not on principle, but merely on "our desire to keep our skins whole and entire."

The Communists, who refused to associate themselves with the no-confidence motion but made the most of it anyway, bitterly condemned the air-training exercises that are to be held jointly with the U.S. and Britain in In-

dia, probably in November. The Communists also baited Food Minister S. K. Patil for his "annual pilgrimage to America to beg for more food." Retorted Patil: "Moscow is a delightful city. I wish I could go there all the time. But there are no surpluses of food in Russia."

Departing Ministers. Nehru's rebuttal was a rambling, schoolmasterly homily on India's "vision of the future" and the need for hard work; while he spoke, at least two members of his party slumbered in their seats. The censure motion



NEHRU & PET

With a teen-ager in a mood.

was defeated 346-61, with the Communists abstaining.

The heat of the attack on the once-sacrosanct Nehru dismayed many Congress Party officials, and led to the resignation of six Cabinet ministers, who announced that they would concentrate on rejuvenating the party. The departing ministers were the strongest men on Nehru's team, although some were in political trouble. Among them were two strong pro-Westerners, Food Minister Patil and Finance Minister Morarji Desai, widely criticized for food shortages and high prices, as well as Home Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, Nehru's likeliest successor.

Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi, who is herself a potential candidate to succeed Nehru, insisted that India's mood of unrest is a sign of "progress." Impatiently tapping a pink-toed, sandaled foot, Mrs. Gandhi explained: "When your children reach their teens, they suddenly feel their parents are all wrong. India is in that stage now, for it's just 16 years old. Everybody grumbles about taxes. But you can see the number of shops increasing, more people going to the cinema, more people going on holidays. Why, the mountain resorts are so chock-full that you can't find a bed anywhere!"



DICTATOR NE WIN

On a tightrope in a typhoon.



KHRUSHCHEV & TITO

COMMUNISTS

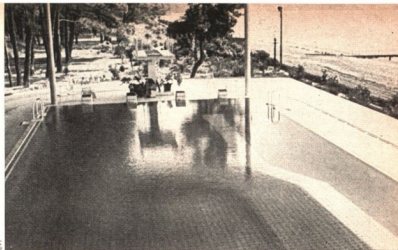
A Fan of Henry Ford's

From his own Crimean estate with its now-famed badminton court and glass-enclosed swimming pool, Nikita Khrushchev last week traveled to Marshal Tito's wonderland in Yugoslavia. From a state dinner at Belgrade's White Palace, Khrushchev went on an Adriatic cruise aboard Tito's yacht *Galeb* (Seagull), spent three days at Tito's island retreat of Brioni, then to Tito's 400-year-old castle in the Dinaric Alps, next to Tito's summer residence at Brda and, finally, to Tito's Croatian hunting lodge at Belje. To the Chinese, who have long complained that Khrushchev has gone over to the enemy camp both ideologically and in his personal tastes, all this must have seemed infuriating—particularly since Host Tito is their ideological archenemy, the "revisionist" who first broke with Stalin and established a more or less independent brand of Marxism.

At the height of his quarrel with Peking, and with a certain unrest among the Soviet satellites, Khrushchev was clearly drawing closer to Tito, even hinted that Yugoslavia might be allowed to participate in Comecon, the creaky Eastern common market. Tito in turn seemed determined to suggest that, even if Moscow accepts him wholeheartedly as a comrade, he retain his independence; in doing so he presumably had an eye on Washington, where Congress this week considers whether to restore the previously canceled most-favored-nation rating for Yugoslav exports to the U.S. Cracked a Yugoslav official: "We didn't sign a treaty with Khrushchev as you Americans did. We didn't even play badminton with him."

Mama's Children. The two leaders did just about everything else, as they ranged the country from quake-shattered Skopje to wild Montenegro, where after a picnic the mountainfolk broke into the *kolo*, a fiery, foot-stamping circle dance. Khrushchev and his stolid wife Nina, and Tito and his statuesque spouse Jovanka, broke into the ring, swirling around with the pretty girls and peasants.

The most instructive part of the visit came at the Rakovica auto plant outside Belgrade. In a discussion with the



KHRUSHCHEV'S CRIMEAN SWIMMING POOL

But no badminton.

workers, Khrushchev seemed fascinated by the Yugoslav factory system of decentralized, locally administered socialism through workers' councils elected by the employees and empowered to fire or reverse the decisions of the plant manager. The system has long been denounced by Red Chinese ideologues, and by Russia since Yugoslavia was kicked out of the Comintern in 1948. Even Khrushchev once sneered, "The workers' councils are very good when they are propped up by American grain and meat."

Reversing himself, Khrushchev called the councils a "progressive development" and said Russia was facing the question of "whether or not conditions are ripe for the democratization of management. Unless there is a force of public opinion our managers tend to become autocrats. Of course, your system may not be totally in line with the Leninist principle of unified leadership. Don't you ever have trouble between workers and directors?"

Assured that disagreements were always worked out, Khrushchev shook his head skeptically and said, "You're a little boastful but, of course, Mama always says her children are the most beautiful. You've got your shortcomings—but then so do we."

Plaster Bust. Warming up, Khrushchev demanded: "What is the most important problem now? It is to beat capitalism. The one who creates the most through mass production will win. Henry Ford has shown us how to do it." He added, "After the revolution, we sent a delegation to Henry Ford and asked him to help us build a factory that would produce 30,000 cars a year. Ford told us that a factory making only 30,000 would not work. The car would be too expensive. He said we should come back when we were ready to produce 120,000 a year." To illustrate the lessons of productivity, Khrushchev even rambled off into Biblical history, inaccurately recalling that Christ had fed 40,000 persons with a single loaf of bread. "But no one knows if all got enough to eat," he added. "If

they had, they would not have left Palestine."

As for the Chinese: "They say that their country has to rely on its own resources. It is true and it is not true. If you lock yourself within your own frontiers, you lose your economic potential. They say they are going to rely on their own resources, and then they write to us for credits."

The entranced workers at Rakovica responded to all this by handing Khrushchev a present he must have long wanted and needed: a plaster bust of Lenin. Presumably none of Henry Ford was available.

Stalinsville on the Styx

Private Vasily Terkin was the eternal Sad Sacha, and his fictional military exploits poked sly fun at Soviet officerdom throughout World War II. Russians complained mightily when his creator, Poet Aleksandr Trifonovich Tvardovsky, failed to bring him home from the wars. Last week, to their delight, Vasily was back—with a difference.

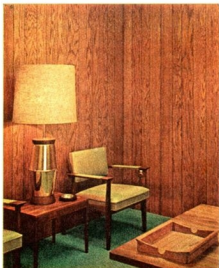
The soldier's return was chronicled in a subtle, stylish new poem by Tvardovsky that was spread across two pages of *Izvestia* under a warmly approving introduction by Editor Aleksei Adzhubey, Khrushchev's son-in-law. In Stalin's day, for all his buffoonery, Terkin ultimately had to symbolize "the ideal Soviet soldier"; in his latest adventure, he is a cockily irreverent figure who gets killed in battle and goes to a "nether world" that turns out to be a sort of Stalinsville on the Styx.

Hell, Terkin finds, is like the Moscow subway, "only lower." It is run by a pampered army of bureaucrats, who spend their days playing dominoes and yelling at the inmates to keep out of their way. A model of Communist planning, the nether world has menus but no food, steam baths without steam, hotels without beds. There is even a magazine editor who "sweats all over" as he "puts in quotes and takes them out again and reads each page from top to bottom and from bottom to top." Says one Big Brotherly ghost: "You don't have to



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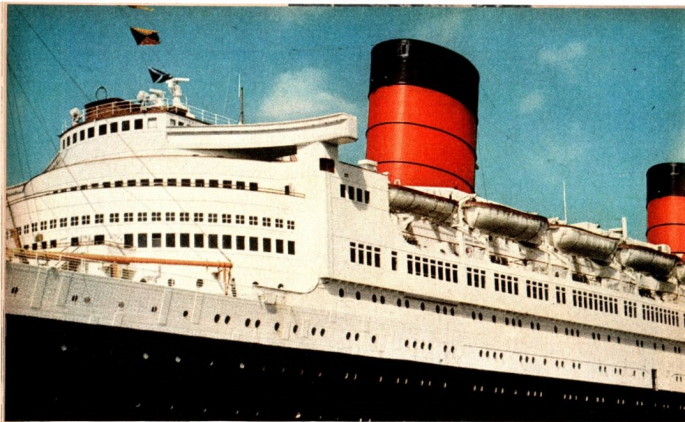
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The British have also been international for longer than most other people. So on the Cunard menus you will find: Supreme of game hen Rembrandt, Maine lobster, fresh beluga caviar, enormous white asparagus from Holland, Danish ham—and ten different kinds of hot bread.

"One secret of good service," says Cunard's Head Chef, "is enough space." The Queens' kitchens are exceptionally large. They are staffed by 163 cooks, butchers and bakers working around the clock. The bake shop makes 4,000 rolls a day.

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talk, you don't have to think at all." Terkin finally manages to escape and wakes up in a hospital on earth, where doctors confidently predict that he will live to be 100.

The moral of Terkin's trip, Tvardovsky suggests, is that all Russians share the blame for Stalin because they resigned themselves to his excesses instead of resisting them. However, the poet also urges Russians to stop harping on Stalinism, which has been Khrushchev's line of late. Terkin's resurrection was a sign that Khrushchev had decided to soften a campaign against controversial writing that has been going on since December. In fact, Editor Adzhubei noted reassuringly, Nikita liked the poem and laughed loudly when it was read to him before publication.

SOUTH AFRICA

Escape Artists

While artists blared the descriptions of the fugitives, thousands of South African police manned roadblocks, searched white homes and black townships all over the country. Their elusive quarry, honored by the biggest reward (\$5,600) ever posted in South Africa: four prisoners who had staged a 1 a.m. walk-away from Johannesburg's central police headquarters. The leader of the fugitives was Arthur Goldreich, at 33 one of the country's most successful artists, and as of last week one of its more successful escape artists as well.

Raid on Rivonia. Bespectacled and slightly stooped, with a black beard (when last seen), Goldreich won South Africa's 1955 Best Young Painter award for his *Figures in Black and White*, designed sets and costumes for *King Kong*, the famed South African musical. To Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's regime, he was a key suspect in the clandestine operations of the anti-apartheid underground. Last month police descended on the artist's swank home in the Johannesburg suburb of Rivonia, arrested Goldreich, his wife Hazel, four other white men, and a dozen nonwhites.

Like Goldreich, the other arrested whites were also prominent in South Africa's intellectual community: Lawyer Robert Hepple; Dr. Hilliard Festenstein, a noted medical researcher; Engineer Dennis Goldberg; Architect Lionel Bernstein. Among the nonwhites seized was Walter Sisulu, onetime Secretary-General of the banned African National Congress and one of the country's most wanted men.

Goldreich was jailed under a recent law by which police can hold a suspect for 90 days without charge. (When the 90-day term comes to an end, some prisoners are being dutifully released, allowed to walk 100 yards, then re-arrested for another three-month stretch.) A month after his arrest, Goldreich apparently got hold of cell-block keys, possibly with inside help, and freed three fellow prisoners—two anti-apartheid Asians, and a Jewish



PVT. TERKIN (STAGE VERSION)
Nikita laughed first.

lawyer, Harold Wolpe, longtime defender of imprisoned leftists.*

Dark Mutterings. The case called attention to the fact that among South African whites who oppose Verwoerd's *apartheid*, perhaps the most zealous are Jews. The bulk of South Africa's 116,000 Jews tacitly condone *apartheid*, the Jewish Board of Deputies has always been careful not to attack it, and some of the wealthiest Jews contribute to Verwoerd's National Party. But to thousands of others, especially the younger, university-educated group, *apartheid* smells too much like Nazism. In the 1961 general election, Jews voted massively against the National Party, and the lone anti-apartheid crusader in the 160-member Assembly today is the pert, irrepressible Jewish wife of a Johannesburg physician, Mrs. Helen Suzman.

Despite such opposition and Verwoerd's own pro-Nazi past, Jews have so far been unmolested by the regime. The Goldreich escape, however, touched

* Another fugitive, colored Physician Kenneth Abrahams, who had escaped sabotage charges by slipping across the border to Bechuanaland, found himself back in South Africa—under arrest. Abrahams' lawyers charged last week that he had been kidnapped by South African police on British-administered soil.



EX-PRISONER GOLDREICH
Apartheid smelled like Nazism.

off ominous rumblings. Last week when Criminal Investigation Chief Reinier J. van den Bergh mentioned the Rivonia raid in a speech, a voice from the audience cried: "Jews!" Van den Bergh allowed that foes of *apartheid* might be "instruments of Jews."

NORWAY

End of an Institution

Interrupted only by the Nazi occupation, Norway's Labor Party had been in power for 28 years, longer than any other democratic party in Europe. Last week it was out.

At the root of its downfall was a long-developing schism between the party's moderate, pro-West majority and its far-left fringe, which demands Norway's withdrawal from NATO. Two years ago, some leftist Laborites bolted, formed a splinter "Socialist People's Party," and managed to win two parliamentary seats. Partly as a result of the defection, Premier Einar Gerhardsen's government lost its majority in the Storting (parliament), found itself deadlocked, 74 seats to 74 seats, with the opposition coalition. The balance of power was held by two splinter leftists. Reluctantly, Gerhardsen accepted their support to stay in office.

What broke up the uneasy coalition and brought on Norway's first government crisis in a generation was a tragic scandal in the state-run coal mines. In recent years, four disastrous explosions and several lesser accidents have plagued the mines, at a cost of 74 lives. Several weeks ago, an investigating commission charged official negligence. Last week, after four days of angry debate, the two splinter Socialists joined with the opposition in a no-confidence vote. One of the leftists, Finn Gustavsen, explained that the S.P.P. toppled Gerhardsen because "he has no longer any contact with the working class." There was spite involved, too; Gerhardsen recently appointed that old Communist target, ex-U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie, a staunch Laborite, to the post of Minister of Industry.

As the unchallenged leader of his party for two decades, Gerhardsen, 66, had become a national institution, was so scrupulous that he insisted on buying his own postage stamps for personal letters. He ran a part-free, largely controlled economy, was staunchly pro-West and led Norway into NATO. His successor was expected to be blond, husky Conservative Floor Leader John Lyng, 58, attorney and brilliant prosecutor of Norway's Nazi war criminals. Conservative Lyng's four-party coalition consists chiefly of farmers, merchants and industrialists, whose economic views are less statist than the Laborites'; but Lyng will hardly try to alter Norway's deeply ingrained welfare society—and certainly not its NATO policies. With the two maverick leftists still holding the balance of power, he knows that he will be lucky to survive until the next election in 1965.



CONSTABLES ARRESTING BAN-THE-BOMBERS
Nothing inside the velvet glove?

GREAT BRITAIN

Bobbies in Trouble

*When constabulary duty's to be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one.
—The Pirates of Penzance*

To the U.S. tourist driving on the right but wrong side of the road, or hopelessly demanding a drink at midnight, the London police seem paragons of patience. Whether breaking up a race riot or gingerly plucking anti-nuclear squatters from the pavement, the brawny, pink-cheeked bobby almost never resorts to the panicky brutality of the French *flic* or the officious zeal of the German *Polizist*. Britain's police, armed only with a night stick, still believe in pounding a beat. Its streets and parks after dark are among the world's safest; and while an English householder is away on vacation, likely as not the bobbies will keep an eye on his front door. But in recent years, and particularly since the Profumo-Keeler-Ward scandals, Britons have come to suspect that their police are not only markedly less proficient at keeping the Queen's Peace than of old, but may also have become less scrupulous in upholding the traditionally high standards of British justice.

Smarter Crooks. When it comes to solving crime, it is still elementary to call in Scotland Yard. Last week, led by such wise old bluebottles as Commander George Hatherill, 65, the Yard's dean of sleuths, who speaks eight languages and has solved 17 murders, Yard men investigating the Great Buckinghamshire Train Robbery succeeded in rounding up nine suspects, recovered \$761,367 of the \$7,000,000 loot. Also on hand were Ernest Millen, boss of the Flying Squad, alias the Heavy Mob, whose 100-old sleuths know more about the underworld than Dante; and the Terrible Twins, top Detectives Tom Butler and Peter Vibart, who have cracked

many a big case together. Yet, so far at least, the gang's ringleaders were still at large. Even without such humiliations at the hands of master crooks, the lot of Britain's 76,530 policemen is an increasingly unhappy one.

The nation's police forces are critically undermanned (authorized strength: 82,313), sadly underpaid (sergeant's pay averages \$3,000 a year) and, in many critics' eyes, undereducated. In recent years, police recruits have included not a single university graduate; only about 10% of all new bobbies have the equivalent of a high school diploma. British criminals, by contrast, are becoming more imaginative and technically proficient every year. As for Scotland Yard, even its staunchest admirers admit that the legend tends to overshadow performance. Of a record number of crimes reported in London last year, fewer than 25% were solved; police have recovered none of the \$700,000 stolen in four major robberies from one bank during the past three years.

No Separation. As for the Profumo case, though an official inquiry into its security aspects is nearly complete, the government has given little assurance that it will lessen what the *Economist* recently called "the already cumbrous weight of suspicion that there is something nasty in the woodshed." Last week the Labor Party's "shadow" Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, called for a royal commission to investigate the roles played throughout by the government, judiciary and police.

Among other hints of nastiness in the woodshed, or the police station, Britons were perturbed by recent charges that Scotland Yard had browbeaten a convicted prostitute into testifying against Ward (she later recanted), and by speculation that police deliberately failed to produce a defense witness at the trial of "Lucky" Gordon, the Jamaican singer who was imprisoned on charges of beating Christine Keeler, and later mysteriously freed. Since there is no watertight separation of executive, judicial and legislative powers* in Britain's unwritten constitution, the disquieting implication to many Britons was that, in its embarrassment over the Profumo scandal, the government had exerted extraordinary pressure to put Ward behind bars. If such suspicions are unfair, there was little likelihood that they would ever be fully investigated, let alone refuted.

Danger to Democracy? Like many other legacies of 19th century Britain, the law enforcement system seems almost to have been designed not to work. To some extent, it was. Sir Robert Peel, who in 1829 organized the first modern force (and gave the bobbies his name), admitted to grave misgivings that it

* The Lord High Chancellor, a Cabinet member who earns \$5,600 a year more than the Prime Minister, serves simultaneously as the government's chief legal adviser, the nation's senior judge, titular head of the legal profession and Speaker of the House of Lords.

might be used as an instrument of tyranny. Unlike a soldier or civil servant, the British policeman is not a "servant of the Crown" but has the ambiguous legal status of a uniformed civilian who is merely paid to do what every citizen should do on his own.

Even to this day, many Britons believe that a strong, unified police force could lead to a police state. As a result, they have 158 separate local forces whose chief constables are accountable only to themselves. When a royal commission in 1962 recommended continuation of this system, Commission Member A. L. Goodhart—an eminent U.S. jurist who was then Master of Oxford's University College—objected that a single, centrally controlled police network would be infinitely more efficient, and more democratic, than the "empty velvet glove" with which Britain is now trying to defeat organized crime. "The danger in a democracy," said he, "does not lie in a central police that is too strong but in local police forces that are too weak."

In day-to-day police work, the lack of liaison between forces—more than 50% have fewer than 350 men—inevitably helps the criminal. Another boon to careful crooks: a law by which police are only allowed to file fingerprints of convicted criminals, not of suspects. Buckinghamshire's chief constable, Brigadier John Cheney Cheney (Eton, Sandhurst, India), did not even bother to enlist Scotland Yard's help in the train robbery until nearly a day after it happened. What worries many experts is that such built-in inefficiency can only cost Britain's bobbies what remains of their old prestige. As it is, they are fighting the greatest crime wave in the nation's history with insufficient manpower and inadequate coordination, amid deepening public distrust that suggests their lot will be unhappier yet.



"TERRIBLE TWINS" VIBART & BUTLER
Something nasty in the woodshed.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Life on the Fly

Home for the busy man about Brazil these days is where he unfastens his seat belt. In an ordinary, mill-of-the-runway week, one Cabinet minister spends Monday and Tuesday in the new capital of Brasília, Wednesday through Friday at his office in the old capital of Rio de Janeiro, and flies home for the weekend in São Paulo. Publishing Executive João Calmon easily logs 30 flights a month, "which means," he says casually, "that I take off and land practically every day." A sudden crush of crises in his work recently compelled one labor leader to fly between Rio and São Paulo four times in a single day. Former President Juscelino Kubitschek, the man who sited Brasília out in the outback, has just clocked his 40,000th airborne hour, or nearly five years of his life spent in the air. Poor Oscar Niemeyer, the brilliant architect of Brasília, so hates flying that whenever he has to go home to Rio, it takes him two days by car. He is one of the few holdouts.

Many Brazilians have become confirmed air commuters, but then they have no choice. Their nation is bigger than the continental U.S., and its important cities are scattered hundreds and thousands of miles apart. To make matters even more mobile, Brazil has not one capital but three: the political capital of Brasília, the cultural and communications capital of Rio, and the industrial capital of São Paulo (see map). Few business deals or political maneuvers can be arranged without touching all three bases.

Where Is Everybody? The inevitable result is a family home in one city, a stopover apartment in another and offices in all three. The scramble around the internal triangle jams airports, exhausts the commuters, gives waiting wives grey hairs. Important Brazilians are the hardest-to-find group of people since Atlantis sank. "I'm sorry, he just left for Brasília" is the familiar refrain of harried secretaries.

In 1959, to handle the crush of travelers, three of the biggest carriers joined to run a shuttle between Rio and São Paulo—the first successful air shuttle in the world. Called an "air bridge," it provides nonreservation flights that take off every 20 minutes during rush hours, carrying more than 2,000 passengers a day. Air bridges also reach from Rio to Brasília and to the inland industrial city of Belo Horizonte. Last year the country's eight heavily subsidized commercial airlines carried 4,000,000 passengers nearly 2 billion passenger-miles; only U.S. and Canadian airlines in the free world cope with more domestic traffic in a year.

The most unpopular point on the tri-

angle is Brasília, which only six years ago was nothing but wilderness and a gleam in the eye of then President Kubitschek. Now it is a city of architectural splendor and 300,000 people, most of whom would rather be somewhere else. Housing is scarce, and so is night life. About one-third of the 475 Congressmen and Senators still maintain homes in Rio, a few war ministry bureaucrats even commute daily from Rio, and the foreign ministry, still based in Rio, keeps only a handful of clerks in Brasília.

All Those Contacts. Out of boredom, government officials work late to "help pass the time." Out of loneliness, well, one little thing often leads to another. Single girls, attracted to Brasília by double wages as government secretaries,

base pay; for deteriorated cargo, 50%; for cold-storage cargo, an extra 100%. They draw 30% extra when it rains, even if the rain stops before they start working. Dusty cargo is worth a 25% bonus; smelly cargo, 35%. And when a ship is loading or unloading gasoline and oil, dockmen collect 50% on top of their regular pay for doing no work at all—they just sit and watch those crews man the pumps.

Last week at the big coffee port of Santos, 13,000 dockers struck for even more, demanding a bonus on top of a bonus. Up to last December they received a yearly Christmas dividend equivalent to one-twelfth of their total earnings during the year. Then the federal government decreed that all Brazilian workers should receive a similar Christmas gift. The dockers reasoned that this entitled them to another bonus: the port concessionaire at Santos said no. Dockmen also demanded a 30-day paid vacation each year, full pay for days they are on strike, and a 20% "shame" bonus for hefting such cargoes as toilet bowls and sanitary napkins. After three days' idleness, they settled for a 20% pay boost, as well as regular pay for the three days' work they missed.

In Ilhéus, Brazil's biggest cocoa port, some 180 stevedores were in the seventh week of a strike called to increase the size and pay of stevedore gangs that load cocoa aboard ships. The demands would raise the handling cost for a ton of cargo to \$49 (v. \$12 in New York) and price Brazil's cocoa right out of world markets.

For all the money they demand and pull down, Brazilian dockers get precious little work done. Along the Brazilian coast, a ship often needs several weeks to dock, unload, load and steam away again. At Santos recently, one ship was 60 days loading 16,000 tons of corn. By the time the ship finally weighed anchor, kernels of corn that had trickled into deck crevices had sprouted into vigorous plants. As port costs spiral, more and more foreign ships steam past Brazil's congested harbors, and dockworkers are now beginning to complain about lack of work. Their inevitable reaction: strikes for more pay.

PERU

Reforms & Credit

It was hard to argue with new President Fernando Belaúnde Terry's assessment of Peru's prospects as presented to Congress last week by his Premier: "The grave problems of our country are caused chiefly by low production levels, unjust distribution of wealth and income, the challenge of difficult and abrupt geography that hinders the development of our resources." It was just as hard to



find some of the fringe benefits exciting. Says one little thing: "I came to Brasília to make contacts, and wow, am I ever making contacts."

Comes Thursday evening in Brasília, barring the gravest of national emergencies, the city empties as if somebody had pulled a plug. Congressmen slip out of the chamber, pick up their tickets at handy airline booths right in the lobby of the Congress building, and rush to catch the 7:30 Electra to Rio.

A Snarl in Every Port

Few ports in the world can match Brazil's as places where dock hands earn more and more for doing less and less. No matter how small the cargo handled, union rules in most Brazilian ports require a crew of at least 13 stevedores. For crates weighing more than a ton, dockmen get an extra 30% of their



REVOLUTIONARY BLANCO SIGNING FARM DEEDS



LÓPEZ MATEOS PASSING OUT EJIDO DEEDS

The lesson: a need for less demagoguery and more sound economics.

find fault with the aspirations of the program Belaúnde proposed to put things right:

► Agrarian reform that will provide for land expropriation and technical, economic and social support to help peasant farmers produce more.

► Broader economic planning to eliminate shortages, develop resources.

► Tax overhaul to assure that everyone now dodging his share of taxes starts paying up and to channel more money into "reproductive" investments and social services.

► Resurrection of cooperative communities, based on the old Inca empire system, with internal self-help programs to encourage peasants to help themselves.

► More housing, schools, highways and credit.

► An international policy stressing national sovereignty but sticking to the inter-American system; "intelligent" and increasing use of the Alliance for Progress; promotion of a Latin American Common Market.

None of these ideas came as a surprise, in a land that had just been through two disputatious election campaigns. All of the proposals were accepted in a three-way agreement made last month by Peru's two opposition parties, which together control Congress, and Belaúnde's own coalition. The opposition did not want to seem eager to obstruct such obviously admirable aims. Besides, Teodoro Moscoso, U.S. boss of the Alliance for Progress, arrived in Lima last week to meet Belaúnde and to discuss Peru's request for \$80 million in aid, based on reforms being made. Both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate quickly approved the program. But the vote, said a spokesman for the opposition APRA Party, "merely extends to the government a line of credit for its intentions. Each of its projects will have to be debated together with similar projects presented by the opposition parties in order to seek a compromise."

MEXICO

The Land-Reform Lesson

Start a Latin American reformer talking, and he will begin reciting the region's needs almost by rote: schools, houses, hospitals—and, always, land reform. As his example of land reform, he invariably points to Mexico, where land and liberty, *tierra y libertad*, was the war cry of Emiliano Zapata when his peasant army sacked the giant haciendas and occupied Mexico City in the bloody 1910 revolution. In those days, 835 rich families controlled 97% of the country's cultivated land. But not for long. In 1913, leading a band of armed riders, Revolutionary Major Lucio Blanco seized the 370-acre estate of a nephew of deposed Dictator Porfirio Díaz. Blanco divided the land, and seven *campesinos* were ushered to their new property. That was 50 years ago this week.

Planned Success. Since then, in theory, all a landless Mexican peasant has to do to get a claim is petition the government. If his claim is legitimate, he can then colonize unsettled government lands, join a communal farm called an *ejido* (pronounced eh-hee-doh), or move onto nearby expropriated plots. Land on any private farm that exceeds the government-set acreage ceiling, running from 250 acres to 1,500 acres, according to improvements, is subject to expropriation without compensation. Since the revolution, governments have parceled out some 125 million acres to 2,700,000 families and established 25,000 *ejidos*. And distribution still goes on: in the past five years, President Adolfo López Mateos has expropriated and parceled out 30 million acres of farmland.

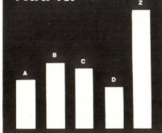
In practice, where proper planning precludes the opening up of new, tillable land, reform has worked. At some of the large *ejidos* on the dry, rocky central plateaus, resettled peasants now

have irrigated fields, modern machinery, new roads to market, radios and refrigerators, and tuition-free trade schools. New villages with thriving shops and markets have sprung up near the farms. The government provides low-interest loans for modern equipment and technical training. Mexican land reform, says the government, is in a "constructive phase," and since 1959 more than 26,000 people have hacked out new farms and villages on tracts of virgin land.

Victims of Failure. But land reform often goes wrong. One of the early land-reforming presidents, Plutarco Elías Calles, left office in 1928 disillusioned. "Happiness of the peasants," he said, "cannot be assured by giving them a patch of land, if they lack preparation and the necessary elements to cultivate it." On uneconomic small plots carved out of land fit only for cattle-grazing or large-scale farming, peasants often fall hopelessly in debt or become victims of land speculators. Those who still use the wooden stick plows of their grandfathers can scarcely scratch out a living on plots that average only twelve acres. On remaining private farms with prime land and modern machinery, production runs about 20% ahead of the *ejidos*.

The good and the bad of the Mexican experience are both valuable as object lessons for the rest of Latin America, and some of the original unqualified cries for land reform under the Alliance for Progress are now being tempered by more realistic judgments. The clear need in South America is to open up the region's vast, unused tracts to ambitious, hard-working homesteaders trained in modern techniques and encouraged to raise crops suited to the soil. But as a political gimmick to chop up existing productive large farms merely to satisfy clamorous masses, land reform means more demagoguery than sound economics.

Add it.



Circulation

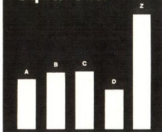
Subtract it.



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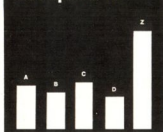
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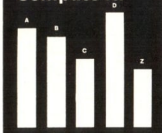
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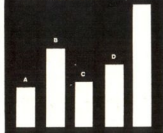
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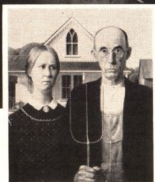
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Telephone: PLaza 9-3600



T-3-T



Grant Wood's "American Gothic" from a print with permission of The New York Graphic Society and The Chicago Art Museum.

From conjecture to computer ... change for this successful farmer

He is Ralph Raikes of Ashland, Neb. He orders his computer analysis from the University of Nebraska. The Raikes family no more resembles Grant Wood's grim couple of 1932 than a bulldozer resembles a bull.

The Raikes are college graduates, and three of their five children are now in college. Their new, nine-room farmhouse overlooks the farmstead of 1100 acres, 18 buildings, eight tractors, six trucks, two cars—overall investment \$441,000. Their 1962 volume: 300 head of cattle fattened, 400 hogs produced, 18,000 gallons of milk, weekly shipment of eggs to Omaha; plus hybrid seed corn and rust resistant certified wheat sold

under their own label. Gross business about \$140,000. An intercom system keeps the Raikes in touch with their helpers. Year before last, while Raikes and his eldest son were in Europe, Mrs. Raikes ran the business.

While more successful than most, the Raikes represent the new type of business farmer for whom *Successful Farming* is designed and edited. It provides management counsel on new methods and materials, automation, materials handling, plant layout, soil usage, animal feeding and breeding, and marketing—for the most part in actual case histories. It makes money for its readers. Its content attracts only the mechanized, major producers. Its selective circulation offers the largest

segment of farm buying power. And its long record of service has earned this magazine a degree of influence that makes the advertising in its pages more effective.

Any SF office can give you details. And ask about the sales opportunities in SF's flexible, late closing, Regional and State editions.



PEOPLE

Success has not spoiled **James Fahey**. Though his gob's-eye view of battle, *Pacific War Diary 1942-45* (TIME, Aug. 16) is a smash critical hit, Amateur Author Fahey, 45, is happy in his \$93.20-a-week job as a Waltham, Mass., garbage man. "I won't quit my sanitation job until I have been named Garbage Man of the Year," he said lightly in an interview, for there had never been such a title. But at the magazine of the trade, the *Refuse Removal Journal*, the remark brought action: Fahey was duly informed that the magazine would begin an annual awarding of the honor by naming him the first recipient. The ex-seaman first class was thrilled. "I'm no writer," said he. "Some people call me an author or a writer, but that's only a name. Garbage Man of the Year is one title that really fits me."

Technically, he remains Ambassador to Yugoslavia till the end of the month, but when **George Kennan**, 59, strolled out of the State Department building last week, his on-again, off-again diplomatic career was off again. After good-byes to such friends as McGeorge Bundy, Averell Harriman and President Kennedy, the noted Kremlinologist was off to the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. N. J. Kennan is wavering between doing a hook on Soviet foreign policy during the last years of the Stalin era or chucking contemporary punditry to "become a real historian and go way back into the 19th century."

A U.S. President's job can be dreadfully hard, but there are some compensations. Flying out of Washington for a weekend with his convalescing wife at Squaw Island, Mass., John F. Kennedy

was such a welcome arrival as far as **Caroline**, 5, and **John Jr.**, 2, were concerned, that he got a couple of running kisses that would make any daddy glow—and millions of voters feel properly sympathetic.

What ever happened to **Veronica Lake**? Well, the tresses are a bit shorter, a little less blonde, and during rehearsals they're pulled back in a pony tail. But when *Best Foot Forward*'s curtain goes up this week, that famous curtain of hair will once again come down over the right eye, as Veronica steps into the lead of the off-Broadway revival. Since her last movie, *Stronghold*, in 1952, the 43-year-old actress hasn't done much—some summer stock and a little TV—plus a hostessing stint in a friend's Manhattan restaurant. Fittingly, she's playing a faded movie star, and she's not a bit bashful about it: "It's more or less doing a take-off of myself."

"They still admire each other very, very much, and they will always be the best of friends." Such sentiments, expressed as they were by the family lawyer, naturally meant that **Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco Stokowski Lumet**, 39, was off to divorce land once again. After seven years with Movie Director Sidney Lumet, 39, the poor little rich girl was reported headed for Juárez for one of those rápido decrees.

This time **Bob Hope**, 59, is on location as a Bob-nosed U.N. employee with a stray baby on his hands. Wouldn't it be great, hoped Hope, if U.N. Ambassador **Adlai Stevenson**, 63, could be persuaded to do a quick walk-on? "I don't know if I'm dressed properly," laughed Stevenson, but soon he was outside mugging through a long double take as he passed Hope in the plaza. After two takes, Stevenson had the bit



HOPE & STEVENSON
An upstaging mug.

down so pat that the camera crew burst into applause. "Hey," called the upstaged comic, "that'll be enough out of you, Governor."

They laughed when unknown **LuLu Porter**, 23, went off to the International Song Festival in Sopot, Poland. But LuLu belted out a rendition of *Everything's Coming Up Roses* that had the Poles vaulting for joy. The press gave her unanimous raves, and, lo and behold, the new lulu was voted the festival's most popular popular singer.

When Atheist **Madelyn Murray**, 43, blew into Stockton, Kans., there was no sign of the Welcome Wagon. Instead, she ran into smothering, if oblique, rejection as it became clear that there was nothing but trouble on her mind. The militant matron, whose suit against required school-prayer reading in Baltimore was upheld by the Supreme Court, had arrived to set up an atheist center. She also planned to enroll her son Garth, 8, in a nearby public school in order to sue for the removal of the Roman Catholic nuns who work there as teachers. The first night in town, her car developed four flat tires. The weekly paper ran a spirited roundup of unflattering comment from unidentified citizens. And the school board was not at all sure they could find a place for Garth.

Old-fashioned, mebbe, but Troy, Ohio, Feed Mill Owner **Russell Stacy Altman**, 76, just didn't trust banks completely. Now 10-gal. milk cans buried near the mill, that's a different thing. So last month, in delirium on his deathbed at Minnesota's Mayo Clinic, Altman told his son and daughter about the milk cans. They thought it was a little strange, but nevertheless, after a decent interval, they decided to dig around a little. By the end of last week they had unearthed three of them, stuffed with \$638,592.



DAD & CAROLINE

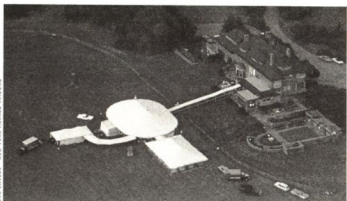


DAD & JOHN JR.

The compensating hug.



EFFIE



THE TENTS AT HAMMERSMITH FARM



JANET



GUESTS AT TAYLOR PARTY

Champagne can be so boring.



MRS. BRUGUÈRE

MODERN LIVING

SOCIETY

The Big Weekend

After a pause for the midsummer dog days, the trips to Europe or the work at summer school, the debutantes are beginning to swarm again along the Eastern Seaboard. Last week, for instance, Banker Stephen C. Clark brought out his daughter Susan in Cooperstown, N.Y.; this week Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill, daughter of Philadelphia's Francis Dring Wetherill and Mrs. Donald Stewart Leas Jr., will have a huge party in Southampton; Cynthia Phipps, daughter of horsey Investment Banker Ogden Phipps, will entertain 1,000 guests with Lester Lanin's music on Long Island Sept. 9; and two days before that, Mr. and Mrs. Irénée Du Pont Jr. will throw one of the season's biggest balls at their Wilmington, Del., estate for their debutante daughter Irene.

But nothing on the deb circuit this year is likely to top the three-day bash at Newport that celebrated the debuts of Effie Taylor and Jacqueline Kennedy's half sister, Janet Auchincloss.

Blue & Silver. All Friday afternoon, Newport's little airport was like a vestpocket Idlewild, with private planes circling for landing clearance before disgorging cargoes of sun-bronzed men and long-necked beauties, chiffon

scarves swathing their high-piled hairdos.

The weekend began with Effie Taylor's party. Host was her uncle, Beverley A. Bogert. One of the dinner parties that night was given by Effie's mother, Mrs. John R. Crawford, and her husband for 250 of Effie's young friends at grey, sprawling Bailey's Beach Club; there were other dinners for "young adults"—and some for less young ones, such as Winston Churchill's ebullient son Randolph, 52, who flew over from London with an eight-week-old pug puppy he had brought for Janet Auchincloss's mother.

As blonde Effie Taylor swirled to Meyer Davis' tunes, some 800 guests danced the night away in a fountained fantasy of silver and blue at Beverley Bogert's many-gabled Anglesea. Bubbled Effie, a freshman next month at Bennett College in Millbrook, N.Y.; "I really had a good time." So, agreed her guests, did everyone else.

Lions Galore. It was quiet the next day as the Bloody Marys gurgled into glasses at Bailey's Beach; those who were dutiful and those who were able went over to the Casino to watch the tennis. Mrs. Louis Bruguère, Newport's multimillionaire *grande dame*, was privileged as usual to watch the play from her Rolls-Royce.

At the airport, the planes were buzzing in again, bringing guests for that

night's Auchincloss party and taking guests from the night before off to Manhattan for a quick comb-out before hurrying back to Newport. The hairdressers imported for the weekend were downright frantic: Hugh Harrison from Claude's was kept busy all day at the Bogerts, and Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel III (who gave a tea dance at their house that afternoon) supplied a man from Kenneth's.

It was a rush to change after the Drexels and still get to the pre-dance dinners on time. Janet had 260 of her age group; others were entertaining VIPs. Mrs. Bruguère had 80 for dinner at Wakehurst, including the Peruvian and Spanish ambassadors. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse entertained the Belgian ambassador and Winthrop W. Aldrich, former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Australian ambassador dined at the Harvey Firestones'; the Greek ambassador joined the Charles C. Patersons; and the Italian ambassador was at Mrs. C. Oliver O'Donnell's. There were enough lions to go around—seven ambassadors, two U.S. Senators, a retired Supreme Court Justice (Stanley F. Reed), Sir Peter Rawlinson, Solicitor General of Great Britain, and Angier Biddle Duke, the State Department's chief of protocol.

Pink but Dashing. As Janet's big but very private party (no outside photographers allowed) began, a jeweled river of taillights wound down Ocean Avenue and up the long, Japanese-lanterned driveway of Hammersmith Farm, built in 1888 by John Auchincloss Jr.—Janet's granduncle—whose father, a commission merchant, was the first Auchincloss to come to Newport, nearly a century ago.

Inside, the partygoers found themselves in a Venetian whirl. At the end of a long marquee, two tents were a riot of pinks, oranges and yellows, their striped poles hung with clusters of Venetian lanterns or festooned with flowers and tiny lights like fireflies. Around the dance floor, supper tables were covered in orange, amethyst, turquoise and blue, lit with frosted hurricane lamps. A sunken garden under the stars winked with candles in many-colored glass globes, and fruit-filled miniature gondolas graced red-draped buffet tables. There were red-ribboned gondolier's hats for the boys, gold masks on sticks

for the girls. Even Meyer Davis and his 24 musicians wore the garb of Venice. ("Did you ever see a Jewish gondolier?" chuckled society's favorite bandleader.) In front of the orchestra stood a 30-ft. black gondola, piloted by a window-dummy gondolier in Renaissance finery, leaning on his oar with a glassy stare that, as the party wore on, blended right into the background.

Uniform of the evening was the black dinner jacket, but at least one veteran Newporter, Rhode Island's young socialite Senator Claiborne Pell, 44, was elegant in a black jacket and white flannels. ("It was my uniform when I first started going to parties here," said Pell.) The Senator's garb bothered no one. Exclaimed one matron: "Oh my dear, he may be a pink [Newportese for Democrat], but he is dashing."

The bars overflowed with champagne. There was also Queen Anne Scotch, Kentucky Tavern bourbon, Bacardi rum, almost every conceivable drink. "Thank God they've got some real booze," muttered a seasoned stag, and the cool blonde debutante on his arm batted a languid eye in sympathy: "I know—champagne does get so boring."

Flowers from Washington. Just after 12:30 the music stopped, and onto the floor swept pretty Janet Auchincloss, young and lovely in white silk organza with green leaves, lilies of the valley (a Dior trademark), and a bouquet of white orchids and Stephanotis, "from my brother-in-law" (otherwise known as the President of the U.S.). Around her neck was a choker of pearls; a circlet of flowers crowned her high brown hair. She was on the arm of her 66-year-old father, Hugh D.—shy, elegant, and hugely proud to waltz her alone around the floor. The chore of greeting the 1,000-odd guests on the receiving line was over, and Janet could begin to enjoy the biggest night of her young life.

Off the main dance floor, in the sunken garden, three red-and-gold-liveried musicians played songs under the stars for sentimentalists who just wanted to sit and listen. Inside the house, Pianist George Feyer was arpeggiating his way through music to drink by when Janet arrived to exchange her wilting bouquet for one of the fresh ones on the mantlepiece. Suddenly Feyer was accompanying Janet in a surprisingly expert rendition of *I Could Have Danced All Night*, followed by a rich barroom version of *After the Ball* Was Over from Randolph Churchill.

Meanwhile, the breakfast of hamburgers, pancakes and scrambled eggs was disappearing fast. A young man from Greenwich engaged three girls in a discussion of Plato. Another had to be extricated from a giant flower pot. But bad drinkers were few; the majority of the young and not so young behaved as well as they danced ineptly. When one exuberant youth started to steal a lantern as the party dissolved into the rainy dawn, his girl deftly doused him with the teen-agers' squelch supreme: "How immature can you get?"

HOBBIES

Come Feed My Trigger Fish

Gun at the ready, Buddy Roberts maneuvered carefully around the towering fire coral, 25 feet under the ocean off Key West. His tiny quarry, a 1½-in. jewel fish, iridescent blue spots gleaming on the deeper velvet blue of its body, hesitated at the coral's edge; half a dozen gaudy parrot fish cruised along the ocean bottom, crunching and chittering as they fed. Cautiously, Roberts extended his gun toward the jewel fish, then quickly pulled the plunger, sucking his victim through the transparent barrel and down into the holding chamber below.

Salt-caked, coral-scraped, sunburned and exhausted, Roberts, a 33-year-old chiropractor, returned to his home in Pensacola, Fla., thoroughly pleased with his fishing trip. The plastic bags in his car held some 25 reef fish, captured alive with his Plexiglas "slurp gun," which is one of the latest pieces of equipment used in that fast-growing and prestigious U.S. hobby: collecting salt-water fish.

Artificial Ocean. The keeper of a salt-water aquarium is to an ordinary tropical-fish fancier what a Ferrari man is to a Chevy driver. Marine specimens are hard to get, harder to keep, expensive to feed, and demanding of space, time and attention. But they are the most strangely marked and wonderfully colorful creatures on earth—so brilliant that they seem to glow with their own light, making fresh-water tropicals look drab. This is one reason why there are some 250,000 private marine aquariums in the U.S. today, ranging in size from 2½ gallons to 50 gallons, while 15 years ago there were almost none at all.

One reason is the popularity of scuba diving; hunting and collecting fish as Chiropractor Roberts does with his slurp gun is much more rewarding than spearing them. Another major factor has been the jet age, which has brought the

coral reefs of Fiji and other faraway sources of exotic fish within a few hours of the U.S. This shorter travel time, plus new sleep drugs which make fish inert, thus reducing their oxygen intake by two-thirds, means that more fish can be transported in less water—and hence sold more cheaply.

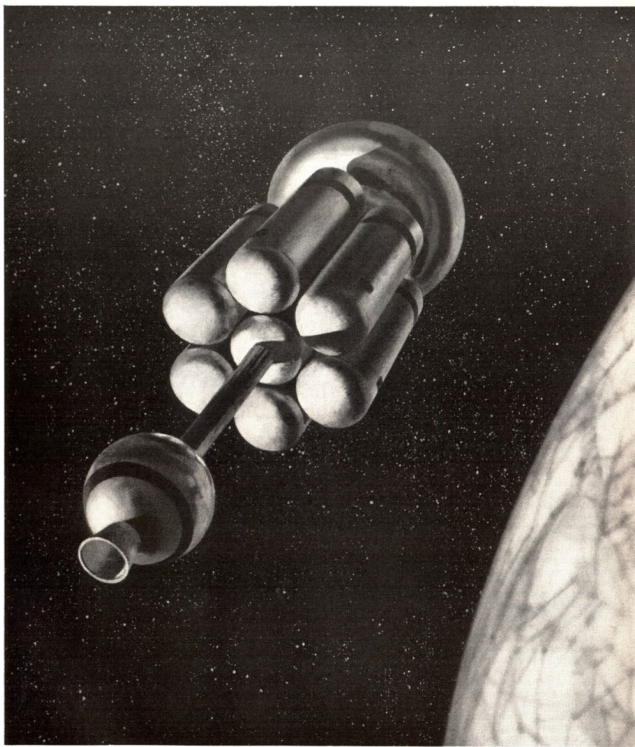
Most important factor of all is the development of artificial sea water. Real ocean water is risky because of the tiny organisms it contains, which die and foul it under aquarium conditions. To overcome this difficulty, several commercial formulas have been developed which can be dissolved in tap water with excellent results.

The Slowest Horse. Marine collectors must content themselves with fewer—and smaller—fish in bigger tanks. Tiny fresh-water tropicals, accustomed to crowded living in a brackish backwater pool, obviously need far less tank space than the denizens of vast coral reefs that are flushed by two tides every day. One expert, Ichthyologist Herbert Axelrod, puts the proper aquarium proportion at two gallons of salt water to an inch of fish—a limit of five 2-in. fish in a 20-gal. tank. Sea horses—such improbable creatures that many people think them mythical—are less active and need less tank space; so slow are they, in fact, that they must be segregated from most other fish, or they will starve to death.

For the underprivileged without their own slurp guns, the prices of marine tropicals (very few have been bred in captivity) are high enough to give status to almost anybody. Commonest are Damselfish at \$2, Angels and Butterflies at \$6 to \$10 apiece. Sea horses cost about \$3. But temptations abound. How exciting to make a pet of a toothy moray from Ceylon (\$35), or a lion fish from the Red Sea (\$35), who packs enough deadly poison in his spiny ugliness to kill a man. How exhilarating to be first kid on the block with a \$400 trigger fish from Zanzibar!




SLURP GUNNER AT WORK
Like shooting fish into a barrel.



(above) The excursion module has just left its nuclear-powered mother ship 600 miles above Mars and is descending to the surface. (at right) Photos showing the waxing and waning of the polar ice cap on Mars indicate seasonal changes on the red planet.





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Fantastic? Ten years ago, yes. Five years ago, perhaps. Today, just one of the realities to which Douglas engineers and other scientists in the aerospace industry are devoting all-out effort. In fact, the rocket that is a big step toward boosting our astronauts to Mars is already in being.

This is Saturn, a giant among rockets—nearly 16 stories high. Its first stage has already been successfully fired down the Cape Canaveral range. The second, or S-IV stage—

now being built by Douglas—has had a completely "A-OK" firing in a static test bed at Sacramento, California. Another version, the Douglas S-IVB, is being developed as the third stage of a still more powerful rocket—the gigantic Saturn V, a 35-story, 6,000,000 pound space vehicle scheduled for flight tests in 1965.

How does one go about designing and building so vast and complex a machine?

You begin, as Douglas began, by assigning a team of tough-minded visionaries to the project—men with the courage to think years ahead of the times, and the tenacity to stick with seemingly hopeless assignments to the successful end.

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Major Douglas Divisions are located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Charlotte, North Carolina

MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

A Tree Grows at Tanglewood

When Conductor Erich Leinsdorf arrived at Tanglewood with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this summer, he announced his plans in a gentle flurry of aphorisms. "Tanglewood is a tree with many branches," he has said in a typical comment on the bucolic Massachusetts festival. "You can't tell which will wither away and which will blossom." Last week, as the Tanglewood season closed to the music of rave reviews, the Tanglewood tree, well-watered at the roots, seemed to be blooming more richly than ever.

Festival Spirit. Tanglewood has been the Boston's summer home for 27 years, and its musical standards have always

series, a Prokofiev cycle, and led his orchestra through a total of 32 works new to Tanglewood, including the American premiere of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*.

Astonishing Lesson. For his 300 students, Leinsdorf mixed wit, energy and a towering musical intelligence to give them a vigorous summer of learning. He brought in soloists such as Pianists Lorin Hollander and Malcolm Frager to talk with his students, and even induced Eugene Ormandy to conduct the Tanglewood student orchestra. Taking a place in the orchestra himself, he was unsparing with the large batch of student conductors who turned up this year. Stopping the young conductors in mid-beat, he would say, "Why didn't the orchestra play for you there? Are



LEINSDOFF WITH CONDUCTING CLASS

"You can't tell which will wither away and which will blossom."

been as high as the orchestra's. But over the course of Charles Munch's 13-year reign as Boston's maestro, Tanglewood wilted sadly in the August heat. Munch was little interested in teaching, weary from his long winter, remote from Tanglewood's earnest youthfulness. When Leinsdorf was appointed to succeed Munch last fall, Tanglewood's friends took heart: the 50-year-old Vienna-born conductor seemed just the man. "He has a festival spirit," said Bass Clarinetist Rosario Mazzeo, the B.S.O.'s personnel manager. "He has the most extraordinary set of qualities—his time is laid out by an IBM computer, but he's available to everybody. He could manage General Motors."

Throughout the eight-week festival, Leinsdorf more than lived up to such high praise. He rose each day for an 8 a.m. breakfast, filled the mornings with rehearsals and conducting classes, the afternoons with conferences and more rehearsals, the evenings with performances. He played through a Mozart

you taking the orchestra's tempo or are they taking yours? Be honest with me."

But the season was more than an astonishingly good lesson in how to run a music festival. Attendance climbed along with interest and good reviews, and among the Boston's musicians, morale was never higher. "The orchestra has enjoyed his easy way," says Mazzeo, whose post as complaint clerk for all the other musicians makes his praise of a conductor unique. "We've had more fun this summer than we've ever had before."

BACKGROUND MUSIC

But It's Good for You

The music darts into the ear, does its subtle job in the subcortex of the brain, then slips out the other ear without saying goodbye. The listener is all but unaware that he has heard anything, but the music has sloshed around inside his head, and, relieved of the humdrum business of thinking, he feels better im-

mediately. His mouth smiles. He likes his work, loves his wife, spends his money. The only thing he has to fear is silence, but thanks to a company called Muzak and its many imitators in the background music business, he has nothing to worry about. Loudspeakers are everywhere.

The total musication of America is by now almost complete. Muzak gets the credit for being the biggest noise maker of all, a feat that brings in \$15,000,000 a year from its 30,000 subscribers. The soft comforting sounds that ooze from Muzak's speakers are heard each day by more than 60 million people—in hospitals and mortuaries, elevators and space capsules, prisons and jute mills. It even plays during all top secret conferences in the Pentagon, where its mission is to confound eavesdroppers by drowning out all the secret talk. If there is something faintly Chaplinesque in all this, it escapes the Muzak men, whose simple aim is to bring out the best in people.

We Sleep with It. Armed with telephone lines reaching out to its army of loudspeakers, Muzak plays its melodies from inside locked rooms. Once a day, the Muzak man enters to change the tapes, and it is a comfort to know that the machines are linked so that even in the event of total catastrophe, they could continue playing unintended.

Muzak programmers have studies that show precisely when workers get grumpy and lazy (10:30 in the morning, 3:30 in the afternoon), and they use their knowledge to plan programs of counteracting melodies, saving strong medicine such as *Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo* and *Pass That Peace Pipe* for the two big slumps. The tonic sometimes becomes addictive, as in the case of one Irving Wexler, who gets a thorough musication every day in his job as Miami's Muzak man. "I have Muzak in every room of my home," he says proudly. "Twenty-four hours a day. We sleep with it on, watch TV with it on. I never allow it to be turned off because I know that music has a therapeutic, psychological value."

The Skeleton's Showing. To win such willing ears, Muzak keeps things simple and undemanding, guided always by its sole esthetic law: music must be unobtrusive. Ensuring that Muzak never intrudes, Program Director Donald M. O'Neill, the top banana of the piped-in music world, frowns on jazz, vocal music of any kind, classics, instrumental solos, everything set in minor keys (too sad), and anything else that lasts more than three minutes. O'Neill, his ten musicologists and his 35 arrangers, all work for a "functional sound" that fits into their "stimulus chart." Whenever they notice something in their music that grasps their own attention, they say, "The skeleton's showing," and gravely cut it out.

Muzak makes all its own recordings in an atmosphere of "the fullest artistic freedom," then turns the results over to engineers, who squeeze down the dynam-

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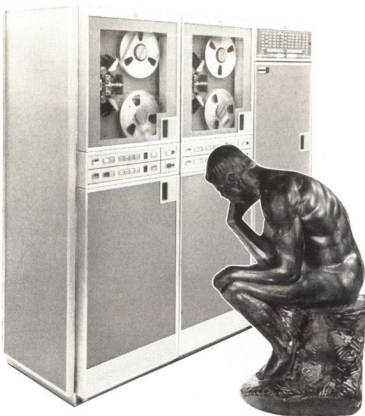
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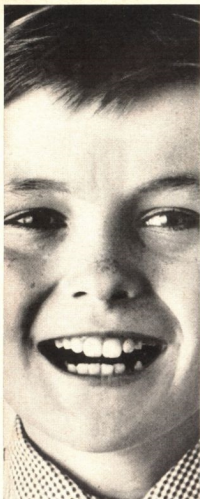
ic range to a maximum of 25 decibels (compared to 50 on normal LPs). The new tunes are listed in the standard Muzak library of 7,000 selections, replacing old numbers that are constantly weeded out. This procedure, O'Neill says, has led Muzak to swing a little bit lately—if the *Peg O'My Heart Cha Cha* can be called swinging.

Don't Dance. Very early in its 29 years of programming music, Muzak learned to its great delight that the same music has the same wonderful effect on everybody. With this in mind, Muzak gets by with just three standard programs—Office, Factory, and Public Area Muzak. Office and Factory Muzak, each specially programmed, are piped to customers on alternate quarter hours around the clock. Public Area Muzak—a simple combination of the other two—plays constantly. Thus diners have their appetites involuntarily improved by the same tunes that increase the efficiency of riveters; ladies listening to Muzak through earphones placed in beauty-shop hair dryers have the consolation of knowing that their husbands are hearing the same thing down at the sanitation plant.

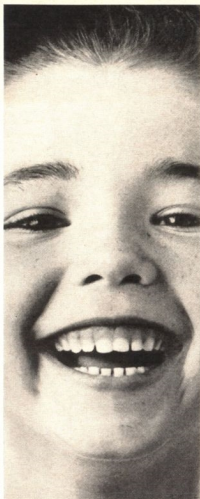
Muzak keeps an ear cocked for any music that might cause emotional outbursts in its audience. *Deep in the Heart of Texas* causes workers to clap their hands, forgetting their tasks, and rock 'n' roll makes waitresses put down the soup and dance. Muzak's special service for jet airplanes has discreetly abandoned playing *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling*. At last they achieve their artistic ambition: music to be utterly ignored.

Pallid Pap. Lately, Muzak's message has begun to drift around the world, always with the same serene results it has accomplished in America. Women workers in an Argentine flour mill who used to fight and scream at each other on sight, now go to work peaceably to music's soft accompaniment. Passengers on the Trans-Siberian Railroad suffer the trip to the tune of Cossack songs and band music, and a brothel in Stuttgart has applied for the "Light Industrial" program local Muzak men offer.

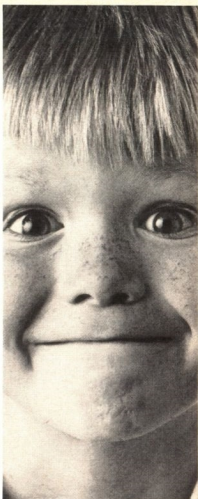
Bland as it is though, piped-in music has a way of inflaming people—especially people whose feelings for music force them really to listen. "It's so faint it sounds like angels singing—and that's hell to work with," says an unhappy listener at the Muzakized Ford plant in Dearborn. "It is pallid pap that will cause all our musical teeth to fall out," says Helmut Blume, acting dean of music at Montreal's McGill University. But in all their countless installations, background music hustlers claim to get complaints only from old men in green eye-shades and sleeve garters. "The nut who complains about music is the same one who bitches about the office being too hot or too cold and a thousand other things," says a Muzak man in Los Angeles. Adds a colleague, serene in his calling: "We feel that anyone who doesn't like music doesn't believe in God."



"I won!"



"I won!"



"I won!"

WHO REALLY WON...when the latest clinical research on tooth decay compared the two leading toothpastes?

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WON!

And here's why. Because best-tasting, breath-freshening Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste you'd rather use—is now clinically tested and confirmed a leader in reducing new cavities.

This newest clinical study on tooth decay took place under university supervision.* Results of over half a million brushings by children at the most cavity-

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Yes, you won because now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" with Colgate. Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities and helps stop bad breath. Tastes best, too. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities



Gardol is Colgate's Trade Mark for Sodium Fluoride Sensitizer

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TIME, AUGUST 30, 1963

NY7



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TIME South Pacific Printed in Melbourne; distributed in Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea (Australian) and certain South Pacific Islands. Circulation: 70,000.

TIME Canada Printed in Montreal; distributed in Canada. Circulation: 250,000.

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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

The Old Soldier's Memoirs

The sight of his boss writing intently across page after page of lined yellow notebook paper moved Major General Courtney Whitney to mild curiosity. "What are you writing?" he asked. The answer was an unexpected surprise. "I am writing my reminiscences," said General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. With that casual admission, the articulate hero of Corregidor and Bataan and a host of other evocative place names scattered along the landscape of three wars first announced his personal contribution to the written history of his times.

Whitney had been well aware of MacArthur's avowed reluctance to add his own words to the growing MacArthur legend. And now here was the old soldier already halfway through the job. Three months later, with an aide's alacrity and a friend's care, Whitney slipped the manuscript into a box and carried it to LIFE Magazine. Last week, in the publishing coup of the year, LIFE purchased all rights—publishing, movie and television—to the memoirs of Douglas MacArthur, 83.

The book, said Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce, ranks "with the greatest historical writings of any age." It is, he said, "a very full run-through of 50 or more years of American history." At a press conference in MacArthur's honor, the old soldier was more modest about his own work. "The reminiscences," he said, "are not a history, they are not an autobiography, they are not a diary. But they have something of all those elements in them. They cover the span of a very long and checkered life." It was his hope, said the old soldier, that the story would be "of some interest to the general public and some help to the future historian."

Written in a firm and clear hand,



MIAMI NEWS CARTOON

With a thud bigger than the figure.



WALLY BUTTS

\$3,060,000 Worth of Guilt

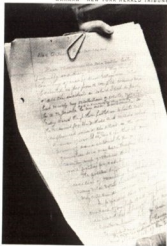
As solemnly as a referee pacing off a long penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct, the clerk of the federal court in Atlanta read the verdict: "We, the jury, find in favor of Wallace Butts in the sum of \$60,000. We find that Wallace Butts is entitled to recover punitive damages from Curtis Publishing Co. We assess punitive damages from Curtis Publishing Co. We assess punitive damages in the sum of \$3,000,000."

It was one of the largest libel judgments in U.S. legal history.*

Like a Champ. The resounding figures reflected the Georgia jury's opinion of the casual journalism of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which had accused the former Georgia football coach of trying to fix a Georgia-Alabama game. "Butts was just a symbol," said a juror later. The jury had settled on \$3,000,000 in punitive damages, he said, as the proper way to implement the judge's charge to "deter the wrongdoer from repeating trespass." As for the \$60,000 general damages, that was simply the jury's calculation of Butts's future earning capacity. "Butts is 58 years old. We figured his life span at twelve more years and agreed on \$5,000 a year."

However they were split up, though, the figures were more than satisfactory to Wally Butts. "I feel like a champ," he said as he headed toward a victory celebration. Would he grieve if the judgment should put the ailing *Post* out

* Last year a New York jury awarded sometime Radio and TV entertainer John Henry Faulk \$1,000,000 in general damages and \$2,500,000 in punitive damages for having been blacklisted after false accusations of Communist sympathies. But Faulk is likely to get no more than a fraction of the judgment. His wife has already bid for a helpmeet's share—by suing Faulk for divorce on the ground of adultery and naming all 21 correspondents. She is asking for \$2,250 a month in temporary alimony. Furthermore, Faulk's lawyers, realizing that the judgment is so large as to be uncollectible, have indicated their willingness to accept less. The estate of one of the three defendants named in Faulk's action has settled for \$175,000 out of a total liability of \$333,333.33.



THE MANUSCRIPT

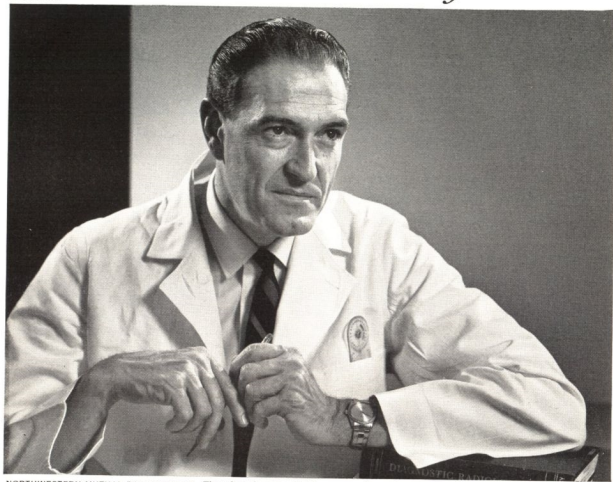
With firm hand and fine memory.



THE AUTHOR

*"Make sure your life insurance
doesn't retire when you do!"*

KARSH, OTTAWA



NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYOWNER. *The policies he owns with this company play an important part in Dr. McDonnell's plans for the future.*

A message of special interest for professional and self-employed people

By **G. M. McDONNELL, M.D.**, well-known chairman and member civilian and military committees
on nuclear medicine, radiology and bioastronautics.

Associate Professor, UCLA School of Medicine, Los Angeles, California

THE CHANCES of the average man living beyond normal retirement age are excellent, as shown by the latest table of mortality figures.

"Furthermore, as a physician, I know that these chances are getting better all the time—due in great part, to many of today's giant medical advances.

"This is a particularly important point because if a man's life insurance is only of the short-range variety it may quit just when he needs it most.

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"My advice is to make sure you have the help of a good agent with a superior company... a man who can show you how to make the best plan, and how to carry it out the best way."

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL is what you might call a "specialist" life insurance company. We sell life insurance, and that's it.

We sell no health or accident insurance, not even group life insurance.

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And the life insurance we do sell, we sell simply and straightforwardly. We have no complicated plans with complicated names. As one of our former presidents once said, "We try to do only one thing, and do it exceedingly well."

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of business? "No, sir," said Wally Butts. "I would not."

Like a Loser. At the *Post* and its parent Curtis Publishing Co., the verdict landed with a thud. Its secondary effects had yet to be studied as advertisers assess the damage done to the *Post's* reputation. "The Story of a College Football Fix" was only one entry in Editor Clay Blair Jr.'s program of "sophisticated muckraking," designed to rejuvenate the magazine. That program has already generated three other libel actions—one of them filed by Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant for the very same article.

Even if current advertisers remain loyal, Curtis can ill afford such whopping penalties. In its struggle for survival, the publishing house, which traces its lineage to Ben Franklin, has lost ground. It is now \$30.5 million in hock—most of that in short-term notes that fell due in mid-August; payment has been postponed by the possibility that Curtis may interest a group of banks in refinancing the company's debts. Revenue has plummeted from \$260 million in 1960 to \$205 million last year—and the figures are still falling.

To avert another deficit as bad as last year's \$18.9 million, Curtis President Matthew J. Culligan has lopped 2,200 names from the payroll and pushed through other stringent economies. In an attempt to prop up failing circulation, the *Post*, having already eliminated half its summer issues, announced a plan to lower its newsstand price from 20¢ to 10¢ in almost all of the U.S., while raising the price to 25¢ in certain selected areas. But so far, the economy campaign has met with slim success. In the first six months of this year, Curtis reversed the trend, but still lost \$3,456,000.

With unaccustomed modesty, Editor Blair, the only *Post*er whose name appears twice on the masthead, confined his response to the verdict to eight words: "We are very disappointed," he said, "and we shall appeal."

NEWSPAPERS

A Hunger for Books

Publishing the Los Angeles Times is beginning to seem like a part-time operation for Norman Chandler's Los Angeles Times-Mirror Co. Lately, Chandler has demonstrated an insatiable appetite for books. Three years ago, his company bought the New American Library of World Literature, one of the nation's largest publishers of paperbacks (300 titles a year); last month it was Matthew Bender & Co., Inc., which publishes lawbooks and also owns two other publishing companies in related technical fields. Now Chandler has announced that by year's end the Times-Mirror Co. will acquire the World Publishing Co. of Cleveland, whose list of titles includes such perennial bestsellers as the Holy Bible, Webster's *New World Dictionary* and the Skira Art Books.

MILESTONES

Born. To Hassan II, 34, strong-willed King of Morocco, and Lalla Latifa, 19, Hassan's only "royal spouse" (though not his queen, since Moslem custom bars women from such status); their second child, first son and heir to the troubled throne; in Rabat, Morocco. Name: Sidi Mohammed, after Hassan's father, the late Mohammed V.

Married. Stephanie Wanger, 20, daughter of Actress Joan Bennett and Film Producer Walter Wanger; and Frederick Guest II, 25, investment banker-son of Socialite Winston Guest; in one of Manhattan's gayest summer weddings, attended by the Maharajah of Jaipur, and including Prince Juan Carlos, son of the Spanish Pretender, as an usher, after which the newlyweds took off for a year-long honeymoon.

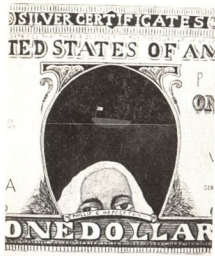
Married. August Anheuser Busch III, 26, son, grandson and great-grandson of presidents of St. Louis' Anheuser-Busch, Inc., the nation's largest brewery (Budweiser), himself the newest (two weeks) board member; and Susan Marie Hornbrook, 25, space buyer in a Los Angeles ad agency; in Los Angeles.

Died. Eric Allen Johnston, 66, dynamic apostle of a "new capitalism" as the four-time (1942-46) president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, savvy adviser and special envoy (to Latin America, Russia, the Middle East) for three U.S. Presidents, since 1945 Hollywood's unflinching champion as head of the Motion Picture Association; following a stroke; in Washington. A handsome, athletic extravert, Johnston began as a Spokane vacuum-cleaner salesman, became the Northwest's biggest independent appliance distributor. As movie watchdog, he led the campaign to blacklist movie Communists, coped with foreign competition by quietly liberalizing production codes to the point that even the once-rejected *The Moon Is Blue* was deemed nonblue enough to pass muster. In 1953 he went to the Middle East for President Eisenhower and proposed a plan for sharing the Jordan's waters so commonsensical that only the refusal of Arabs to cooperate with Jews blocked it.

Died. Phyllis Bittleme (rhymes with got home), 79, British novelist and disciple of Viennese Psychologist Alfred Adler, who turned out 34 melodramatic novels, including two bestsellers of the 1930s (*Private Worlds*, *The Mortal Storm*), climaxed her career with an excellent biography of Adler; after a long illness; in London.

Died. William Richard Morris, Viscount Nuffield, 85, Britain's Ford of auto production and Carnegie of philanthropy; after a long illness; at Nuffield, Oxfordshire (see WORLD BUSINESS).

ART



HEFFERTON'S "SINKING GEORGE"
The twenty feels better.

Pop Pop

Pop art is popping out all over. On view last week at the Los Angeles County Museum was a twelve-man pop show with a coast-to-coast geographical spread. Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum had sent out its six-man show of pop art (TIME, May 3) and added works by six California practitioners, enabling viewers to compare the pop fashions of the two coasts.

To the casual eye, West and East seemed much the same. And why not? A soup can is a soup can, whatever the climate. Like their New York counterparts, California pop painters gaze not upon nature or the human form but upon the most banal man-made objects or the most routine images of everyday life—a milk bottle, an advertising trademark, a scrap from a comic strip. These things are the same all over the nation; here indeed is expectable

conformity. But upon closer scrutiny the Californians shared common aspects and a sort of group triumph: their stuff was even drearier than that of the Easterners. It might be labeled pop pop. The six:

MELVIN RAMOS, 28, holder of an M.A. in art history from Sacramento State College, paints straightforward portraits of comic-book heroes and heroines. He professes a distinct liking for banality. "I'm a product of the affluent society," he says. "I just bought a secondhand color television set." If pop art lasts much longer, he will doubtless be able to afford a brand-new color set, with remote control.

BILLY AL BENGSTON, 29, an ardent affluent-society motorcyclist (the odds four), goes in for concentric emblems, usually centered on a symbol such as a sergeant's stripes. Bengston sometimes uses an auto-body painter's spray gun to lay on glossy hot-rod colors. "I use a lot of the concepts used in motorcycles," he says. "It's a kind of companionship I can understand."

JOSEPH GOODE, 26, carries simplification about as far as it can go. He just covers a canvas with a single color, then places on a shelf just below it a milk bottle painted the same color.

PHILIP HEFFERTON, 30, specializes in cartoonish depictions of U.S. bank notes. "There is so much to explore in American money," he explains. A typical Hefferton, called *Sinking George*, is a rough representation of a dollar-bill fragment with Washington's head sinking out of sight. Hefferton's favorite bill, however, is the twenty, because it has a "free feeling."

EDWARD RUSCHA, 25, paints what he calls "commercial landscapes." Sometimes they consist of nothing more than enlarged scraps of lettering from comic strips. "I'm very amused by the subject matter," says Ruscha. "Just like Rembrandt—he probably had fun too."

WAYNE THIERAUD, 42, paints food. The catalogue calls him "a laureate of lunch counters and diners."

Pop art appears to arouse experts to belligerence, pro or con, and at the opening of the Los Angeles show, two prominent New York museum officials got into a public altercation. The antagonists: Peter Selz, curator of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, and Lawrence Alloway, curator of the Guggenheim. The paintings in the show are "limp and unconvincing," said Selz in a short talk. "It is the want of imagination, the passive acceptance of things as they are, that makes these pictures dull and unsatisfactory. It is as easy to produce as it is to consume."

Alloway was so upset that he spent much of his rebuttal time attacking Selz instead of defending the paintings. He charged Selz with "talking nonsense" and holding "an elite view of culture." After Alloway finished, somebody in the

audience asked a question: "Will you explain the value of pop art? You explained only in criticism of Mr. Selz's opinion." Alloway lamely referred the questioner to the catalogue.

Rococo Retrospective

Doomed to be thrust from power by the onrushing forces of history, the aristocracy of 18th century Europe elected to live out its autumn in a sort of perpetual costume party. It was an age of elaboration, in manners and art, essentially frivolous but with a concealed streak of autumnal sadness. Its curled style came to be called rococo.

Typical of the rococo was its enchantment with porcelain. Early in the 18th century, a German alchemist discovered the Oriental secret of making true hard-paste porcelain, and soon princes were avidly collecting the stuff. Many noblemen established their own porcelain factories.

Stingy Wages. Of all the rococo porcelain artists, none achieved finer art with his difficult and limited medium than Franz Anton Bustelli. His life story is obscure. It is not even known for sure whether he was German, Italian or Swiss by birth. One of the few firmly established details of biography is the date of his death: April 18, 1763. In observance of the bicentennial of his death, Munich's Bavarian National Museum is displaying a complete collection of his work—102 figurines.

Bustelli created all of his known works in the employ of the Elector of Bavaria, owner of a renowned porcelain factory at Nymphenburg. Although the factory got high prices for Bustelli figurines, the artist never received more than stingy wages. At his death, his worldly possessions consisted of a few articles of furniture, 228 engravings, some of his own figurines, and 31 books on chemistry.

Enduring Trace. Unlike the unnatural sugar-dolls of lesser rococo porcelain artists, Bustelli's figurines show a keen eye for the actual. Especially prized in his own time was his 16-piece series of figures from the *commedia dell'arte*, the endless, semi-improvised popular comedy in which stock characters mimicked Europe's manners and morals, and lack of them (*see color*). There was Il Dottore, the gulled pedant; Mezzetino, the capering servant; Octavio, the youthful courtier; Saramouche, the blustering rogue. Bustelli placed them in theatrical stances on curvilinear pedestals that swept up in rococo curlicues to counterbalance the curves and bends of the figures.

Besides comedy characters, Bustelli molded Turks and Chinese, cherubs and beggars, a mushroom venders and a mousetrap vendor. Together, his figurines make up a cross section of the rococo age. Shortly after Bustelli's death, rococo faded away, leaving an enduring trace in the spirited forms and vibrant colors preserved beneath the glaze of an obscure artist's figurines.



RAMOS' "FUTURA"
The product is easy to consume.

GERMANY'S MASTER OF PORCELAIN



CHERUBIC FACE adorns pipe bowl by Franz Anton Bustelli, part of big show on view in Munich.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF BAVARIA



JULIA AND PANTALONE merchant, were stock characters an ingénue and a middle-aged from the *commedia dell'arte*.

OTHER COMMEDIA CHARACTERS: LUCINDE, OCTAVIO, MEZZETINO, DONNA MARTINA AND IL DOTTORE





Wm. Henry Harrison visits Henry Clay's estate, Ashland, 1840

Touring Kentucky, the Hero of Tippecanoe accepted an invitation to visit Ashland, Clay's estate in Frankfort. Along with political counsel, he could expect the finest in Kentucky hospitality. A 19th century newspaper reported that Harrison's favorite bourbon was Old Crow. And James Crow was a personal friend of Henry Clay.



Historic
OLD CROW
recommended
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for 128 years

For 128 years Old Crow has enjoyed unequalled acceptance in the homes of America. Today, it is held in such high esteem that more Americans buy this light, mild, 86 proof bourbon than any other. Why accept less? Tonight, enjoy the magnificent smoothness of Old Crow—the greatest name in bourbon.

Today...lighter, milder
86 proof Kentucky bourbon



\$250 Reward is paid for documented information relating prominent 19th Century Americans and Old Crow

SPORT

BASEBALL

One Ran Away

It was the biggest rumble out of Yankee Stadium in months, and the wonder was that there was anyone there to see it. It came on one of those hot, muggy nights when players as well as fans were languishing in the yawning gulf of ten games separating the Yankees from the rest of the American League. The yawn grew wider as the Yankees carried a 3-1 lead into the eighth inning; even the natives were getting restless.

Then Cleveland Indian Pitcher Gary Bell grazed the middle of Yankee Joe Pepitone. Pepitone trotted down to first base, but a hot verbal exchange with Bell sent him running out to the mound, and the dugouts boiled over. The field jammed spectacularly, but like the American League race, it was all show and not much action. Push a bit, swing a bit, yell a bit and it was over: Bell was fined \$50 for deliberately throwing at the batter, Pepitone was accused of incitement to riot and later fined \$50, but the Yankees won as usual, and the runaway ran on.

The gulf between the National League-leading Los Angeles Dodgers and the bunched-up teams below, from St. Louis to Philadelphia, was not so wide or so yawny. And, bless Doubleday, the National's season is traditionally more prone to surprises. The San Francisco Giants showed hopeful early-season strength, and it was not so far back that St. Louis was half a game ahead and the next four teams were no more than 2½ games out of first place. But in July the Cardinals were walloped out of the lead in a fateful three-game series with the Dodgers. Los Angeles has never since lost the lead, and last week opened it up to 6½

games with another two-out-of-three series over St. Louis.

So it looks like a Dodger year. But fans have a recurrent nightmare of the old New York Giants' Bobby Thomson homering away Brooklyn's hopes in the 1951 playoff, and the memory of last year's pitching collapse and the Dodgers' virtual abdication of the crown to the Giants is still fresh.

SWIMMING

The Water Babies

In 1932, as smooth-cheeked teenagers, Japan's champion swimmers proved that the Olympic pool in Los Angeles was no place for old men of 20. Last week in Tokyo, a California high school boy and his teen teammates taught the startled Japanese a bit of their own lesson. Against a seasoned team studded with 1960 Olympics competitors, and with an average age of 21, American youngsters (average age: 18½) displayed stunning virtuosity, completely dominated the dual meet, and cracked five world records.

So Saari, No. 1 Wunderkind of the three-day contest was 17-year-old Don Schollander, chunky (5 ft. 10 in., 160 lbs.) star of the Santa Clara, Calif., Swim Club. At 16, Schollander set American freestyle records at 200, 400 and 500 yards. Fighting off old age, he twice broke through the two-minute barrier in the 200-meter freestyle before traveling to Japan. Last week, under the mesmerized eyes of TV cameras, newsreel photographers and 7,500 sophisticated Japanese swimming fans, he coolly did it again, "hydroplaning" (as one dazzled Tokyo sportswriter put it) up and down Jingu Pool in the world-record time of 1:58.5; later in Osaka, he even shaved a tenth of a second off that mark.

As excitable out of water as he is exciting in it, Schollander practically swam every race in Tokyo. While an 18-year-old University of Southern California sophomore named Roy Saari churned through the seemingly endless laps of the 1,500-meter freestyle, Schollander leaped crazily along the edge of the pool, waving a white towel and yelling "Get going!" For 24 lengths, Saari lagged sadly behind the lap times set by Australia's John Konrads when he posted the world record of 17:11 three years ago. Then Saari spotted Schollander's frenzied cheerleading out of the corner of his eye. His kick, which had been fluttering off at an angle, suddenly strengthened and began stirring up a furious wake. At 1,400 meters, he was 2½ seconds ahead of Konrads' pace and, incredibly, getting stronger. By race's end he had gained three more seconds to finish in a roar of Japanese cheering and 17:05.5.

The new records were like a pair of



FREESTYLER DON SCHOLLANDER
Cheer, kick, drive, win.

dominoes toppling at the head of the line. Next day, U.S. Freestylers Steve Clark, Richard McDonough, Gary Ilman and Edward Townsend surged through the 400-meter relay to set a new world mark of 3:36.1. Carl Robie, an 18-year-old University of Michigan freshman, seemed all arms and shoulders as he powered his way to a 2:08.2 world butterfly record over 200 meters. By the time the U.S. 800-meter freestyle relay team of Schollander, McDonough, Townsend and Saari crouched and sprang from the starting platform on the final day, a feeling of inevitability had settled around the race. Sure enough, the result was another world mark: 8:03.7. The overwhelming U.S. team margin: 63 points, to Japan's 22. And still there was no stopping the Americans: in Osaka, in what was supposed to be a rest-up meet, the 400-meter medley relay team of Richard McGeagh, William Craig, Walter Richardson, and Clark set a new world's record of 4:00.1.

Hard Work, Plus. After their stunning win at the 1932 Olympics, the grinning Japanese coaches let U.S. reporters in on their none-too-startling secret of success. It was hard training that did the trick, they said. Last week, when Japanese reporters asked how it was done, U.S. Coach Ralph Casey came back with a similar bromide: "Hard work." But he added a postscript that boded ill for Japanese swimmers far beyond the day next year when this year's crop of young record breakers returns to Tokyo for the Olympics. "We have upwards of 600,000 swimmers under systematic training back home," said Casey, "and more than 2,000 paid coaches working for them." Japan may well have uncounted pools full of promising teenagers eager to repeat the upset of '32. But the roster of salaried Japanese swimming coaches numbers less than 100.



YANKES V. INDIANS
Push a bit, swing a bit, yell a bit.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Revolution in Worship

"Liturgy" derives from Greek words meaning work of the people, but in Roman Catholicism it often seems to be exclusively a job for priests. Compared with most Protestant denominations, in which congregations participate in the service with hymns and responses, Catholicism at prayer is a church of silence. Enter almost any Roman Catholic church in Manhattan or Mantua or Manila: the priest at Mass will be standing at the altar, his back to the congregation, mumbling almost inaudibly in Latin, while the laymen in the pews silently finger rosaries or flip through the pages of their missals to find out what prayer the celebrant has reached.

A Growing Reformation. This on-sided form of corporate worship disturbs some Roman Catholics as much as it puzzles Protestants—and Catholics are doing something about it. Roman Catholicism is in the midst of a growing liturgical reformation that seeks to gain for the church what Protestantism gained four centuries ago—active congregational participation in worship. Only a few years ago, many bishops looked upon liturgical reformers as troublemakers; today, the liturgical movement is supported by a majority of the prelates who will be attending the second session of the Vatican Council and by Pope Paul VI.

Last week in Philadelphia, about 13,000 "litniks," as liturgical reformers are sometimes called, gathered for the 24th annual North American Liturgical Week. There they honored Minnesota's Benedictine Father Godfrey Diekmann, 55, a pioneer promoter of liturgical reform during his 25 years as editor of the monthly journal *Worship*. The most

compelling problem confronting the conferees was one that indicated the growing importance of liturgical reform in the Roman Catholic Church: how to educate parishes to the changes in worship that are certain to be ordered by the council.

Toward Greater Meaning. The principal act of Roman Catholic worship is the Mass—a re-enactment of Calvary in which the congregation joins with Christ in offering anew the sacrifice of his body and blood under the form of bread and wine. The ritual evolved over many centuries. The "Mass" of the early Christians was a simple commemorative meal, at which worshippers ate bread and drank wine over which a priest had repeated Jesus' words at the Last Supper. Each local church developed its own customs and ceremonies to surround these acts, but in the Middle Ages the rite performed in Rome became the model for the entire Western church. Gradually the Mass became a mysterious rite, celebrated in a language not understood by the congregation. Prayers once recited by the congregation were reserved to the priest and his assistants.

Roman Catholic liturgical renewal began early in the 20th century among a group of German, French and Belgian Benedictines who were inspired by new knowledge of how the first Christians conducted their worship. With permission from Rome, the reformers undertook to restore lay participation in the liturgy. The reformers revived congregational singing of chants and hymns that accompany the Mass. In place of ornate altars, they celebrated Mass on plain stone tables, and they faced the congregation instead of the wall. They introduced the "dialogue" Mass, in which the congregation responds to the

prayers of the priest. Some reformers advocated that at least parts of the Mass be recited in the language of the people.

Far from being a nostalgic re-creation of ancient ceremonies, liturgical reform has been an attempt to make Catholic worship more meaningful to the congregation. Says Godfrey Diekmann: "We're trying to restore worship as the center of life."

Toward Greater Unity. Five years ago, to the delight of liturgical reformers, Rome's Sacred Congregation of Rites urged bishops to introduce some measure of lay participation in the Mass. Since then, the progress of liturgical reform has been rapid in some places and slow in others, depending upon the attitude of the nation's or region's Catholic hierarchy. The hierarchies in several countries have received papal permission to use the language of the country in parts of the Mass. Enthusiasm for liturgical reform in Germany and France contrasts with stony immobility in Ireland, Spain and much of Latin America. In the U.S., liturgical reform is slowly but steadily progressing. Many Catholic churches in the U.S. have adopted the dialogue Mass. In some churches, the congregation repeats parts of the Mass in English, following along after an assisting priest, or even a layman, who stands facing the congregation and says in English what the priest at the altar has just recited in Latin.

Liturgy, a source of religious strife during the Reformation, is today a force for Christian unity. Liturgical reform is bringing Catholic worship closer to Protestant practices. At the same time, some U.S. Protestant and Episcopal churches have introduced into worship practices once considered "popish," such as incense and eucharistic vestments at Holy Communion. Long before Protestants and Catholics succeeded in resolving their doctrinal conflicts, they may find that the old, divisive differences in forms of worship have already vanished.

PROTESTANTS

The First & the Last

Switzerland's Karl Barth, the greatest living Protestant theologian, could hardly be accused of being soft on Rome. "I cannot hear the voice of the Good Shepherd as coming from this Chair of Peter," he once said. But in the current issue of the quarterly *Ecumenical Review*, published by the World Council of Churches, Theologian Barth declares that Protestantism is in danger of being overtaken by the pervasive changes that are in process in Roman Catholicism, as evidenced by the Vatican Council (which is scheduled to reconvene Sept. 29).

Barth argues that Protestants have paid too much attention to the "conversational contacts" with Rome that



DIEKMANN



LAYMAN LEADING CONGREGATION AT "DIALOGUE" MASS
New voices in the church of silence.

the council has opened up, and too little to the spirit of inner renewal that is visible in much of present-day Catholic theology and Biblical scholarship, as well as in the new directions in worship proposed by liturgical reformers. Far from being a "static power group," Rome, like Protestantism, lives "by the dynamics of the evangelical Word and Spirit," and Catholicism today may well have in it more "spiritual motion" than the Protestant churches.

"How would things look," Barth asks, "if Rome were one day simply to overtake us and place us in the shadows, so far as renewing of the Church through the Word and Spirit of the Gospel is concerned? What if we should discover that the last are first and the first last, that the voice of the Good Shepherd should find a clearer echo over there than among us?" The renewal of Roman Catholicism, Barth concludes, summons Protestantism to seek its own renewal, "to sweep away the dust before the door of our own church with a careful but nevertheless mighty broom."

ANGLICANS

"A Test of Our Discipleship"

The 18 branches of the Anglican Communion are proud of their independence—and last week the Anglican Congress in Toronto asked them to surrender some of it. At the close of the ten-day meeting, the delegates took home a dramatic manifesto on "Mutual Responsibility and Interdependence," composed by the Most Rev. Arthur Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other primates of the Anglican churches. "What we are really asking," the primates wrote, "is the rebirth of the Anglican Communion, which means the death of many old things but—infinitely more—the birth of entirely new relationships."

The manifesto, said the Rt. Rev. Stephen Bayne, executive officer of the Anglican Communion, could be "either the biggest lead balloon or the most dramatic document in our history." It calls upon the Anglican churches to share their financial and human resources for the good of the entire Communion, and specifically to join in raising \$15 million within the next five years largely for missionary churches. Most brambly question for the churches to decide: Should a central authority be empowered to see that these joint undertakings are carried out?

Anglican leaders hope that the manifesto will be approved by the individual churches within the next two years. A specific program of action could then be worked out before the Communion's Lambeth Conference in 1968. The manifesto is "a test of our discipleship," said the Most Rev. Donald Cogan, Archbishop of York. "Do we or do we not mean business? We must decide what is more important: a posh organ in the church, or literature in Africa, where the sands are running out."



DAYA MATA



CONGREGATION AT FELLOWSHIP CHURCH IN HOLLYWOOD

Hypnotic verses and yoga hands to induce meditation.

SECTS

West Meets East

History is sprinkled with the relics of religious sects that flamed and flickered out—brief candles of faith that were lighted by a charismatic leader and died within a short time after he died. Where are the Novatianists, the Rappites, the Robinsonian Psychiana devotees of yesteryear?

The Self-Realization Fellowship, too, seemed likely to sputter out after the death of Founder Paramhansa Yogananda in 1952, but instead it has thrived. Membership has doubled over the past ten years, to about 125,000 (one-third of them in California). The Fellowship is now in the midst of a building program, and the number of worship centers is expected to double, to 180, within six months. One source of the Fellowship's financial prosperity is the success of its best-known commercial enterprise, the Mushroomburger restaurant on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard; it features, along with more or less authentic Indian dishes, some specialties that are exotic in name only, such as Himalayan snowballs (chocolate sundaes topped with coconut).

"Rose, Rose, Roses." To the uninitiated, the Self-Realization Fellowship looks like the religious counterpart of mild curry—a bit of India adapted to Western tastes. Members adopt Indian names upon joining the sect, profess belief in such Hindu concepts as reincarnation. But like Bahai, Subud, Unity, the highbrowish Vedanta Society, and a number of other religious groups, the Self-Realization Fellowship is a syncretic faith, combining ingredients of both Eastern and Western religions. The Fellowship teaches that there is a common truth behind all religious experience, and the members revere both the Bible and the Bhagavad Gita. Fellowship doctrine even includes an interpretation of the Christian Trinity: the Father is the supreme creating

spirit, the Son is his visible manifestation through Christ, Krishna and Buddha, and the Holy Spirit is the energy by which God influences the world.

According to Fellowship teachings, every man can achieve salvation, or the highest form of "cosmic consciousness," through disciplining of mind and body. Members follow a vegetarian diet (meat "falsely stimulates" the mind), perform modified yoga exercises. At Sunday worship, the faithful chant eerily hypnotic verses that are meant to induce meditation. One chant goes

*Roses to the left;
Roses to the right;
Roses front and behind;
Rose, rose, roses.*

"The Essence of Life," Founder Yogananda (born Mukunda Lal Ghosh) was the son of an Indian banker and railroad executive, began preaching his Westernized version of Indian doctrines in the U.S. in 1920. A California follower recalls that when he met Yogananda, "I knew I had found the essence of life. He had the essence that showed a great peace, a great joy." Since 1955, the sect has been governed by Miss Faye Wright, 49, known in the Fellowship as Daya Mata. Daya Mata joined the sect in Salt Lake City at the age of 17, after Yogananda cured her of a blood disease that had forced her to leave high school. This week she is going to set out on a journey to India for a half-year visit with members of Yagoda Sat-Sanga, an Indian organization founded by Yogananda.

As head of the sect, Daya Mata is custodian and chief interpreter of Yogananda's teachings. Many of them are set down in a book of epigrammatic conversations with disciples, somewhat in the manner of the Confucian sayings. Sample: "Seek God for his own sake. The highest perception is to feel him as bliss, welling up from your infinite depths. Don't yearn for visions, spiritual phenomena, or thrilling experiences. The path to the divine is not a circus."

New World's Land Speed Record! 407 MPH ON GOODYEAR TIRES

Monday, August 5th Craig Breedlove, with a wingless jet, Goodyear tires and 170 pounds of heart, hope and guts brought the land speed record back to America.

7:15 a.m. The silence of the Bonneville Salt Flats was shattered by the whine of a 35-foot long jet racer. That whine became a roar as Craig Breedlove in his Spirit of America thundered into the record books.*

His speed: 388.49 mph one way, the other way... 428.37 mph! For an average of 407.45 miles an hour! Smashing the record held by England's John Cobb of 394.2 mph. A 1947 record that many experts thought could never be topped.

One of the most important problems that Breedlove faced when he first decided to give the land speed record a try was summed up in a statement that appeared in a leading automotive magazine: "...there is no point in thinking of a land speed record car if there are no tires that will stand up to the required speed."

Goodyear engineers accepted the unique...almost impossible challenge...and...

A TIRE IS BORN. In his initial talk with Goodyear engineers, Breedlove said, "I need a tire that can take it. One that's practically indestructible. I'm going to go 400 to 500 miles an hour. That's two to three times as fast as they drive at Daytona or Indianapolis. This has got to be more than just a racing tire.

When I get to top speed, the tires will have



Craig Breedlove — first American to hold the Land Speed Record in 35 years. Breedlove built the "Spirit" in his garage. His estimate of a \$10,000 car was exceeded ten-fold, before the car even left for the Salt.

about 100 tons of centrifugal force trying to pull them into pieces. That's why I came to Goodyear because you people have the know-how."

Goodyear engineers began to design, produce and test the land speed tires. Most of the tire was cord... for strength. The cord was treated with Goodyear's exclusive 3-T triple-tempering, triple-toughening process... the same 3-T processing that goes into all Goodyear auto tires.

Each tire was tested on Goodyear's multi-stage dynamometer at speeds in excess

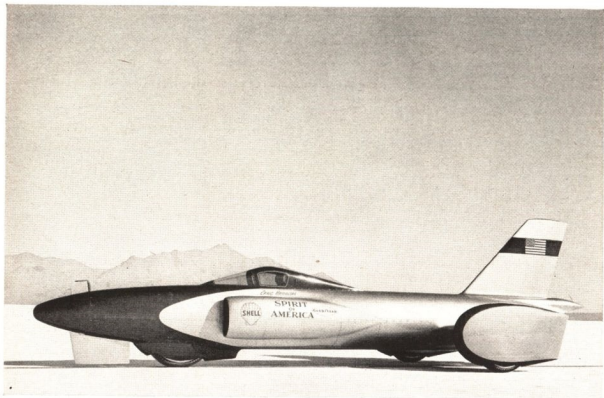
of 600 miles per hour. Not one failed!

TIRE OF THE FUTURE. In the making of Breedlove's record-breaking tires, Goodyear scientists and engineers came up with developments and discoveries that will affect the tires you drive for many years to come.

Goodyear engineers say that the tire of the future may well be built around a key design feature of these land speed record tires.

When Craig Breedlove and his Spirit of America started at the far end of the 10-mile black stripe that marks the Bonneville course, he knew he was riding on the finest tires in the world. With that worry off his mind...he sped to the record speed of 407.45 mph...and became the fastest man on earth.

*Breedlove's speed—as an official world record—is subject to confirmation by the Federation Internationale Motocycliste, since this event was held under their International Sporting Code.

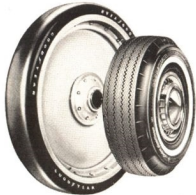


The Spirit of America is a superb product of three years of development. The 3-ton racer is powered by a J-47 jet engine and rides on the 600-mph Goodyear tires.

Today you can get the benefit of Goodyear's superior high-speed developments in great, new Tufsyn tires. Built only by Goodyear, Tufsyn tires deliver up to

25% more durability, giving far more mileage. You can buy these Goodyear tires in all sizes for all cars from your Goodyear Dealer or Store...today.

Goodyear engineer checks 4-foot high tires. Special Goodyear high-speed dynamometer test simulated the 12,110 pounds of centrifugal force that is exerted at the tread surface at speeds of more than 600 mph.



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EDUCATION

INTEGRATION

The Education of Big Ben

At a meeting in Baltimore this month, top school officials from Northern cities gathered to talk over a grave and insistent problem: mounting Negro pressure against *de facto* school segregation. Conspicuously absent was a big-city educator who is acutely beset with segregation difficulties—Chicago's School Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis.

It was characteristic of Willis to fail to attend the meeting. "Big Ben" Willis, 61, has long been accustomed to going his own way. That is why he is in trouble.

Separate & Unequal. Willis is the U.S.'s highest-paid public school official. His \$48,500 salary, indeed, ranks him fourth among all U.S. public officials, after President Kennedy, Governor Rockefeller and New York's Mayor Wagner. Willis is also an exceedingly able administrator who oversees 552,000 pupils, 22,000 teachers and a \$300 million annual budget with brisk efficiency. During his ten years in his post, he has recruited 6,000 additional teachers, nearly doubled the salary scale, added enough classrooms to trim the average class from 39 pupils to 32, and eliminated all double-shift instruction despite a school-age population explosion. He has planned and overseen a \$250 million building program, completed without a single major scandal.

Yet Willis finds himself assailed by criticisms. He is, critics charge, an egotist massively convinced of his own rightness, stonily resistant to other people's ideas. He bristles at any questioning of his administration. Wags say that he has revised Chicago's motto, "I Will," to "I, Willis."

The most vehement charge leveled against Willis is that he is stubbornly unresponsive to Chicago Negroes' demands for desegregation of the public

schools. In Chicago, even more than in most U.S. cities, whites and Negroes live apart, in separate neighborhoods. That has been the pattern for generations. Since each child attends the school in his own neighborhood, most Chicago public schools are either predominantly white or predominantly Negro. About 90% of the city's Negro elementary school pupils attend schools that are virtually all-Negro. And Negroes charge that for Negro children, education is not only separate but unequal. A survey by Chicago's Urban League found that in Negro schools the budget for teacher salaries is only 85% as high as in white schools, and that operating expenses per pupil are only 66% as high.

Willis meets the Negroes' complaints with what a federal judge last year labeled "benign indifference." Confronted with Negro demands for a loosening of the neighborhood-school pattern, Willis put forward a token transfer plan under which a total of only 32 children switched to other schools. Willis argues that he is not interested in maintaining segregation but only in preserving the concept of the neighborhood school. "I'm an educator, not a social worker," he says. "I don't go around counting Negroes, Indians, Hindus or any other group." When a delegation of N.A.A.C.P. leaders from New England states tried to interview him, Willis met their questions with blunt negativism:

Q. Do you believe that *de facto* segregation does exist?

A. I refuse to answer that question.

Q. Will you make a statement of your own philosophy on segregation in public schools?

A. I shall make no such statement.

Wheeled Classrooms. Two weeks ago impatience with Willis pushed Chicago Negroes to violence. From sit-ins at the school board headquarters, demonstrators went on to lie-downs in front of "Willis Wagons," mobile classrooms that are sent into neighborhoods with crowded schools. Negroes regard the

wheeled classrooms as devices for maintaining segregation. Police arrested 56 demonstrators. Brick-throwing teenagers injured several cops. Heavies looted a molotov cocktail at one Willis Wagon, set fire to another.

Last week the school board took under consideration a proposal to bring in a panel of outside educators to draw up a plan for eliminating segregation in the city's schools. Willis has already begun to yield.

Pressured by the school board, he has agreed to broaden his transfer plan. By a vote of 10 to 1, the school board has directed him to take a racial census of the schools, a step that he had previously resisted. Acting under a new state law, the board plans to redraw school district boundaries to speed integration. Says one board member: "I believe that Willis intends to carry out these proposals. I'm counting on it. He will either carry them out or leave. That's been made clear."

TEACHING

It's Beginning to Pay

Whatever else public school teachers may get out of teaching, some of them are beginning to get money. Last week the National Education Association happily reported that in at least 75 school systems in the U.S. (out of 28,738) the maximum salary for classroom teachers is \$11,000 a year or higher. The best-paying system of all is Beverly Hills, Calif., with a \$14,000 maximum for holders of doctorates. Of the 75 systems on the N.E.A. list, 49 are in New York, mostly in suburban counties near New York City. The other high-maximum systems are scattered among nine states: California (7), Illinois (5), New Jersey (4), Minnesota (3), Pennsylvania (3), Connecticut (1), Indiana (1), Massachusetts (1), Missouri (1).

The average salary of U.S. classroom teachers, however, is \$5,735, only slightly higher than the average pay of factory workers. That helps explain why nearly three-quarters of the nation's men teachers work at moonlighting jobs.

ARTHUR SIEGEL



SUPERINTENDENT WILLIS



WILLIS WAGON & PICKETS

"I refuse to answer that question."

AL PHILLIPS—CHICAGO AMERICAN



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The New Season

Every Broadway season looks in prospect like an ingénue in a bridal gown, and in retrospect like a naked iguana. Somehow, the paper promises—the mere names, titles and themes



—are always unbearably alluring; but it is much easier to develop a good idea for a show than to develop a good show, and Broadway never looks better than it does in August, just before it starts down the aisle.

The coming season proportionally contains much the same elements as its predecessors. There will be a strong transference from Britain, a wad of adaptations, a spare and frangible offering of original work, and a lot of music. Undoubtedly beginning a trend, Meredith Willson's *Here's Love* (Oct. 3)—a musical adaptation of the 1947 20th Century-Fox department story called *Miracle on 34th Street*—has a cast that is about 10% Negro. They are Macy's shoppers, spectators, secretaries—everything but Santa Claus—and do not play the roles of Negroes as such.

• **OTHER MUSICALS:** Everything but the *Congressional Record* seems to be turning into a musical this season, even Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, which becomes a musical revue featuring four actors in 70 roles (Sept. 29). Three Conan Doyle stories are being staged by Joshua Logan as *Baker Street*, with Fritz Weaver as Sherlock Holmes, turning the first private eye into the first private throat (April 23). Noel Coward's *Blihe Spirit* becomes *High Spirits*, with Coward directing and Edward Woodward, Tammy Grimes and Beatrice Lillie carrying the tunes (March 31). Coward has also done the music and lyrics for *The Girl Who Came to Supper*, a musical version of Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*, starring José Ferrer (Nov. 28). N. Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker* will re-seed the money cloud as *110 in the Shade*, with Inga Swenson, Robert Horton and Stephen Douglass (Oct. 24). A musical version of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* is called *Dolly: A Damned Exasperating Woman*, starring Carol Channing (Jan. 16).

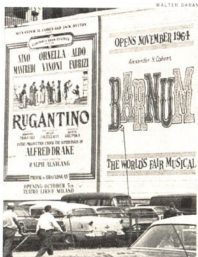
The Prisoner of Zenda has been made into four movies, but not a Broadway musical until this season, when Alfred

Drake will star in *Zenda*, which takes some liberties with the original novel: the English gentleman hero is now a song and dance man on tour (Nov. 26). Budd Schulberg has turned his novel *What Makes Sammy Run?* into a musical (Feb. 4). And Negro Novelist Langston Hughes has adapted his *Tambourines to Glory* for musical presentation as well, wherein two Negro women establish a church in Harlem (Oct. 26). Before his death, Clifford Odets completed the book-adaptation of his *Golden Boy*.

Jennie is a slice of biography dealing with seven months in the life of Actress Laurette Taylor just after the turn of the century. The show opens on a scene that includes a 20-ft. waterfall, a whip-cracking villain, a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman tied to a tree, and the heroine (Mary Martin) fighting off savage coolies with a baby in her arms (Oct. 17). The life of Fanny Brice has been turned into a musical called *Funny Girl*, starring Barbra Streisand singing a score by Jule Styne (Feb. 13).

Robert Goldman and Glenn Paxton, who four seasons ago adapted *Pride and Prejudice* into *First Impressions*, have completed an original musical, *Hurrah, Boys, Hurrah!* Austro-Hungarian soldiers, oddly enough, took part in the American Civil War, and the show centers around a Union soldier and the daughter of a Hungarian officer, garrisoned in St. Louis in 1861 (spring). Another original musical is *A Girl to Remember*, starring Carol Burnett as a Hollywood script girl in the '30s, book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green (May 26).

Rugantino is something that Producer Alexander H. Cohen found in Rome—an Italian musical smash about a Roman ne'er-do-well of the early 19th century who is unjustly accused of murder.



BILLBOARDS NEAR BROADWAY
It promises so much in August.



FEATURING THE STARS
But a good show ...

der. Untranslated, the production will feature subtitles under the stage (Feb. 8). Another bit of musical miscellany is the long-postponed Broadway debut of Rick Besoyan, who wrote *Little Mary Sunshine, the Oklahoma!* of off Broadway. Another spoof of the operettas of the '20s, this one is called *The Student Gypsy, or The Prince of Liederkranz*, starring Eileen Brennan, who was *Little Mary* (Sept. 30).

• **COMEDIES:** British humor sometimes fails to function cisatlantically, but five British comedies are having a go at Broadway this season. *Semi-Detached* (Oct. 7) is a mad knitting of woolly middle-class values in English suburbia. Enid Bagnold's *The Chinese Prime Minister*, not yet produced in London, is about an old actress facing assorted personal problems, including a husband who turns up after a 29-year absence, and stars Margaret Leighton (January). Greatly popular on the West End last year were *The Private Ear and The Public Eye*—two thematically related one-acters by Peter Shaffer, author of *Five Finger Exercise* (Oct. 9). Eric Portman stars in a British sex comedy called *All in Good Time* (Nov. 23). And Claudeette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard open Sept. 18 in *The Irregular Verb to Love*, about a sweet London lady who keeps blowing up furrier shops because she loves animals.

Jean Kerr's *Poor Richard* opens after Christmas, soon after the arrival of her sixth child. It is set in New York and concerns a British poet and an American girl. *The Time of the Barracudas* stars Elaine Stritch and Laurence Harvey as a pair of murderers who are married and are trying to bump each other off (November). Eddie Mayehoff and Dody Goodman are a union leader and a lady manufacturer in Howard Teichmann's *A Rainy Day in Newark* (Oct. 22). Dore Scharly will direct *Larry Parks in Love and Kisses*, about teenage marriage (Dec. 16). And Mike Nichols will stage *Barefoot in the Park*,

Neil (*Come Blow Your Horn*) Simon's new comedy about a young couple in Greenwich Village (Oct. 23).

Novelist Saul Bellow's first play *Upper Depths* is a comedy about a celebrated TV comedian who has serious aspirations (no date set). Chester Morris and Signe Hasso are in something called *The Tender Heel*—about a modern Achilles, of course, set in a Florida fishing village (Oct. 21). *Man on Ice* confronts an anthropologist with a Neanderthal in a cave. Director John Gerstad (*The Seven Year Itch*) has yet to pick an actor for either role, but the latter should be a snap (February). One half-cast comedy is *The Owl and the Pussycat*, by Wilton Manhoff. The pussycat goes in for acting, modeling and prostitution. A snoop neighbor reports her to the police. Pussycat seeks the neighbor out and seduces him. Kim Stanley is the pussycat. They're still looking for the owl (Oct. 31).

• **DRAMAS.** *Luther* arrives from Britain, with Albert Finney continuing as Martin Luther in John Osborne's verse play, directed by Tony Richardson (Sept. 25). Jean Anouilh's *The Rehearsal*, is about a count who democratically seduces a young nursemaid only to encounter the rage of both his wife and mistress for betraying his class (Sept. 23). British Playwright Terence Rattigan's *Man and Boy* stars Charles Boyer as a Wall Street operator who creeps off to Greenwich Village to live in the pad of his apostate son during the Depression (Nov. 12). Arnold Wesker's *Chips with Everything*, hugely successful in London, deals with the operation of the class system in the R.A.F. (Oct. 1). Sidney Michael's *Dylan*, starring Alec Guinness, is based on Dylan Thomas' visits to America (Jan. 21). And Hugh Leonard's *Stephen D.*, an adaptation—successful in London—of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, will open in late autumn. Bertolt Brecht's *Arturo Ui*, which parodies the rise of Hitler, stars Christopher Plummer (Nov. 4). The ANTA-Washington Square Theater, preparing to become the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, will present Arthur Miller's new play *After the Fall*, directed by Elia Kazan and starring Jason Robards Jr. (Jan. 23). The ANTA group will also do Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, directed by José Quintero (Feb. 20), and S. N. Behrman's new *But for Whom Charlie*, directed by Kazan (March 12).

Jerome Weidman, who wrote *Fiorello!*, has written a courtroom play called *The Ivory Tower* about a poet like Ezra Pound who is tried for treason for making wartime broadcasts telling American troops to lay down their arms (November). Franchot Tone stars in *Bicycle Ride to Nevada*, an adaptation of Barnaby Conrad's novel *Dangerfield*, which deals with a Nobel prizewinner novelist who has slid down his 50k into alcoholism (Sept. 26). Conrad was once literary secretary to Sinclair Lewis. Edward Albee has adapted *The Ballad of*

the Sad Café, Carson McCullers' dark-visionary study of human grotesques (Oct. 30). Paddy Chayefsky, shrewdly going for new ground every time out, has written *The Passion of Josef D.*, a view of Joseph Stalin from 1917 to 1924, from the Revolution to the death of Lenin (Nov. 11).

Libell stars Van Heflin as Louis Nizer in an adaptation of the part of the lawyer's book that treats the suit by Quentin Reynolds against Westbrook Pegler (Oct. 10). Kirk Douglas plays a hospitalized psycho gambler in *One Flew*



FEATURING THE AUTHORS
... is more than a good idea.

Over the Cuckoo's Nest (Nov. 14). And *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* is a new play by Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry (*A Raisin in the Sun*), which deals with a young Jewish intellectual and his wife. Only one Negro is in the cast, and the integration theme is not central (December).

TELEVISION

A Boost for Pay TV

Pay television in the U.S. has never really paid. The sole system now operating, in Hartford, Conn., has not begun to show a profit. But Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., publishers of classified telephone directories, and Lear-Siegler, Inc., electronics manufacturers, are confident that toll TV has a future.

The two companies filed a registration statement with the SEC last week outlining plans to issue some \$27 million worth of public stock for a project to pipe pay TV to subscribers in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Hopefully, they will be offering first-run movies, all the productions of Manhattan Impresario Sol Hurok, and the home games of the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants, now blacked out on local commercial TV.

• Not to be confused with R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., the U.S.'s largest printer, controlled by members of the same family.

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SCIENCE

METEOROLOGY

Mapping the Air by Sound

At Queen Victoria's funeral in 1901, cannons in London boomed a ceremonial farewell—and villagers 90 miles away were startled by the rumbling volley. Yet not a shot was heard in towns halfway between. What caused the funereal boom to leapfrog?

Turn-of-the-century scientists theorized that the cannons' ascending roar had been bent by a freak atmospheric condition that sent it tumbling back to earth. But not until men began probing the upper atmosphere with instrumented rockets could the conditions that caused this sound bounce be fully understood. Early this month, scientists at the White Sands Missile Range used a phenomenon like that at Victoria's funeral to help them chart a region of the upper atmosphere.

Since 1958, Army Meteorologist Marvin Diamond had fired more than 1,000 rockets deep into the atmosphere above White Sands. Probing high above the maximum altitude of sounding balloons, his investigative missiles dropped metalized parachutes carrying temperature-measuring devices and providing tracking radars with easily detectable targets. By charting their drift, Diamond hoped to map the weather through which the U.S. must fire its growing family of space vehicles.

On the way up, Diamond's rockets passed through the 125-knot "jet stream," which boots airliners along from west to east some 35,000 ft. above the earth. Far above that, they found a speedier "upper jet stream," which reversed its direction with the changing seasons. During the fall and winter, it zooms out of the west at some 150

knots. In spring and summer, it slows to 100 knots and drives from east to west. In either direction, its altitude seems to be about 150,000 ft. Significantly, the upper jet stream is a warm wind, ideal for refracting sound waves.

Diamond knew that the speed of sound is greater in warm air than in cold air. If a sound wave, rising through the sub-zero temperatures below the upper jet stream, suddenly hit a layer nearly as warm as the earth's surface, the top of the wave front, he figured, would accelerate. The whole front would then bend back earthward and rumble down. Diamond figured that he might be able to bounce a boom off the upper stream, predict its course, and record the boom as it came back to earth, thus helping to confirm his rocket data.

Finally he got the weather he was waiting for. The still, windless desert air was shattered by the roar of a 5,000-lb. explosive charge. Ten miles away, in his White Sands headquarters, Diamond saw only the flash. The sound waves traveling along the surface had been muffled by the dense lower air. Yet 200 miles to the north, four microphones caught the roar of the explosion after it arched back to earth—in much the same way that the cannons' roar was bent at Victoria's funeral.

SPACE EXPLORATION

The Life Detector

Some time in 1966, if U.S. space exploration sticks to schedule, a strange device the size of a milk bottle will plop onto the dry crust of Mars, set itself up on three self-adjusting legs, and begin a search for life. The detector will not be looking for bug-eyed monsters or giant, exotic plants. It will be sat-

isfied with nothing more than a faint, fluorescent glow in its own compartmented innards.

Known as a "multivator" (for multiple evaluator), the life detector was developed by Dr. Joshua Lederberg, Stanford University's Nobel-winning geneticist, Physicist Elliott Levinthal and Electrical Engineer Lee Hundley. In its current version, which may be further miniaturized, the multivator stands just under 10 in. tall, weighs less than 2 lbs. But despite its small size, it is more than equal to its momentous mission.

When the first Mariner capsule softlands on Mars, the multivator will be tossed out at the end of an electronic umbilical cord. After settling its tripod feet firmly on the Martian surface, a miniature vacuum cleaner will suck dust into a thin-plated opening in the multivator's base. As the dust filters through the multivator's 15 tiny chambers, it will stick to their adhesive-coated walls. Then the chambers will be automatically sealed and filled with water from a small external tank.

Into this mixture the multivator will squirt a shot of test chemicals—fluorescein spiked with phosphate. The fluorescein cannot give off its telltale glow until the phosphate has been removed, and nothing can remove phosphate better than the enzyme phosphatase, which is common to all life on earth.

If phosphatase is present in the Martian dust, it will eat away the inhibiting phosphate, and the fluid in the multivator's chambers will begin to glow. That glimmer will then be picked up by a photomultiplier tube, converted into a radio signal in the Mariner capsule, and relayed back to earth.

Phosphatase itself is not alive, but Lederberg reasons that if the enzyme shows up in the dust of Mars, its presence must mean that microscopic living organisms exist—or have recently existed—on the distant planet just as they do on earth. The actual identification of these creatures will have to wait for larger, more elaborate spacecraft. But in the meantime, to ensure that Mars is not contaminated by earthly microbes carried there aboard the multivator, Lederberg is working on a technique for sterilizing his life detector.

TECHNOLOGY

Jobs for the Jiggle

Vibration is usually a dirty word in the space age lexicon. The delicate instruments of missiles, aircraft and spacecraft function best in a smooth environment, and scientists are continually searching for means to eliminate the least little bump. But deliberate vibration has its uses too, and last week, in widely separated laboratories, engineers were putting man-made jiggles to work. Applications:

► A "telephone" for deaf-mutes, developed at Israel Institute of Technology in Haifa, uses a compact set of vibrators to communicate as many as



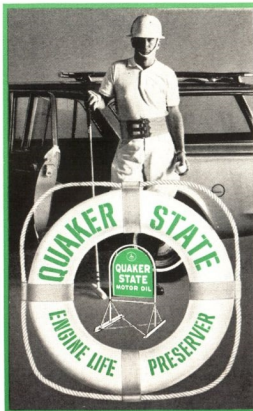
LEVINTHAL, HUNDLEY & LEDERBERG WITH MULTIVATOR
It's supposed to get a glow on.



AIRCRAFT REMOTE CONTROL
It speaks to the fingers.

67 words a minute. The "speaker" taps out his message on a set of switches built into a piano-like keyboard. The "listener," his fingers resting on a duplicate keyboard, feels each key or combination of keys vibrate in response to the speaker's signals. According to the telephone's U.S.-born inventor, Aeronautical Engineer Joseph Hirsch, it is a simple matter to put the letters of the alphabet and actual words into an easily understood code of vibrations. Hirsch began perfecting his phone while working on mechanical vibration problems in U.S. Navy missiles, and he is sure the technique can be put to wider use for remote control of dangerous crop-dusting planes, and in military communication systems, where loud, continuous noise often makes virtual deaf-mutes of tank crews and gun captains by masking the sound of spoken orders.


► A fast-writing pen for oscillographs, developed by Stanford University Electrical Engineer Richard Sweet, uses a vibration hardly as violent as a shiver to write a permanent record of oscilloscope traces that have only been caught in the past by delicate and expensive motion picture film. Spewed through a tiny nozzle, the ink droplets pick up a charge from an electrode attached to an oscilloscope. Then they fall, at the rate of 100,000 a second, between two electrically charged plates and hit a rapidly moving roll of recording paper. Each drop carries an electric charge that mirrors the changing electrical signal being detected by the scope. As each drop passes between the charged plates, the charge it is already carrying causes it to change course and hit the recording paper at the proper spot to leave a permanent record of the oscilloscope's otherwise ephemeral traces.



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America's weather satellites have already saved lives and property with their early hurricane warnings, and the information they provide may even one day help man do something about the weather.

Yet, important as they are, these scientific achievements are only early benefits from America's space program—the most demanding challenge ever faced by the combined forces of government, science, and industry in peace time.

And its benefits are equal to its demands.

The goal of America's space program is not only to put a man on the moon... but to reach beyond our time for goals not yet known to us.

For from that reaching will come the knowledge that can better the lives of all.

Dedicated to this reaching are America's space-age companies. North American Aviation, one of the leaders in this scientific revolution, is at work in many fields of the future including atomic energy, electronics, life sciences, aviation, space exploration and rocketry.

The engineers and scientists at NAA are expanding virtually every field of science known to man. They are working to advance the Free World's scientific knowledge... knowledge that can turn the journey to space into milestones of human progress.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



NAA is at work in the fields of the future through these divisions: Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems

U.S. BUSINESS

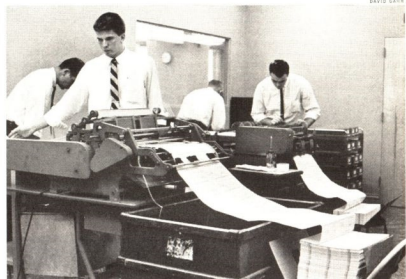
STATE OF BUSINESS

Waiting for the Mailman

It has been a good year for widows and orphans—and the other millions of Americans who regularly look in their mails for that tangible token of people's capitalism: the dividend check. With corporate profits running at record highs, the U.S.'s 17 million stockholders have watched expectantly to see what firms would share their prosperity by increasing dividends. Last week's cliff-hanger was giant A.T. & T., which kept 2,200,000 shareholders agonizing while its 18 directors debated behind closed doors whether to raise the 90¢ quarterly dividend of the world's largest utility. A.T. & T.'s directors decided against a raise now—but enough other U.S. companies have declared increases to make this a record year.

In the year's first half, intricate electronic systems and toiling clerks dispatched to the big and little shareholders of U.S. companies \$7.5 billion in payments, 5.4% more than last year. According to Standard & Poor's statisticians, 740 U.S. corporations had raised their dividends by the end of July, 141 more than in 1962. Much as this flurry of generosity pleased shareholders, it raised among businessmen and economists an oft-debated question: How much of its earnings should industry share with its stockholders?

Rearguard Action. On the average, U.S. corporations pass out nearly two-thirds of their profits to shareholders. To many businessmen, this seems too much; they contend that firms often give out money that really should be used to expand and improve operations. "There are some companies paying out



PRINTING DIVIDEND CHECKS AT GENERAL MOTORS

At times less can be worth more.

dividends that would actually be showing no profit at all if they were making the proper set-aside for depreciation of their facilities," says Charles B. ("Tex") Thornton, chairman of California's fast-rising Litton Industries. Litton has never in its ten-year history declared a cash dividend, preferring—as many other companies do—to hand out additional shares of stock to its shareholders and to use the retained earnings for expansion and modernization.

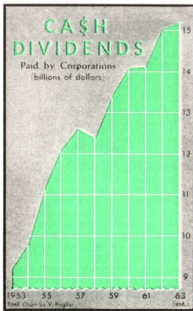
Growth-conscious Wall Street also puts dividend payments second in importance to earnings in appraising a company, but this idea is harder to sell to stockholders—particularly the smaller investor who tends to put his money into blue chips. Many corporate managers are still convinced that their little stockholders want and deserve those regular checks. "Shareholders are businessmen too," says President William G. Stewart of Universal-Cyclops Steel Corp., "and they're entitled to a reasonable return on investment—or there won't be any investment." Just about everyone agrees that companies should be sure that they can sustain a dividend increase—or should not declare one at all. Shareholders usually take a dim view of managements that later cut dividends.

Some firms regard their reputation for providing a sustained yield as so valuable that they dig deep into their reserves when earnings are too low to cover the outlay. This is all right, says Harvard Business School Economist John Lintner, "when the earnings decline is pretty surely temporary. Management will be very often serving stockholders best by maintaining dividend payments and protecting the price of the stock." But some industries have persisted too long in this rearguard ac-

tion—and steel is one of them. While earnings dropped year after year and the industry lagged in modernization, steelmen kept rewarding stockholders at the same level in order to present an outward picture of stability. Result: dividends amounted to 50.1% of profits in 1957 but accounted for 79.8% of profits in 1961, when ten steel companies finally slashed their payments.

A Long View. Economists use a company's outlook for growth as the most sensible—though a far from infallible—standard of when dividends should be paid. A fairly young, growing company usually needs more cash to finance expansion and lay a firm financial base, and its earnings, if any, should really be kept for that purpose. A mature company, whose finances are healthy and whose growth is steady and predictable, ordinarily does not need so much ready cash and can pay out a sizeable portion of earnings.

The men who sit down in boardrooms to decide whether to distribute their companies' profits argue that they must take a long view of the stockholder's welfare. If they determine that the stockholder could use the money to more advantage than the company could—a determination based on tax rates, current interest rates and cash flow—the checks go out. But many companies believe, with Rockwell Manufacturing Co. Chairman Willard F. Rockwell, that "we're doing our stockholders a favor by not giving them too much." Money put instead to needed expansion or modernization may not only save a company the 5% or 6% in interest charges that it would otherwise have to pay to borrow the money, but often results in increased earnings and a higher worth for the company's stock.



SAVINGS & LOAN

The Twelffold Increase

When the first U.S. savings and loan association was founded in Frankford, Pa. in 1831, its strait-laced directors levied stiff fines on members who got drunk at meetings. Today's savings and loan associations have a somewhat different problem: they have grown almost too fast for their own good. The industry's 6,277 associations in 50 states serve 35.5 million U.S. savers (average account: \$2,400) and make 46% of all home-mortgage loans in the U.S., nearly three times the number made by commercial banks. Next month the total assets of the industry will for the first time climb over the \$100 billion mark—a twelvefold increase since World War II.

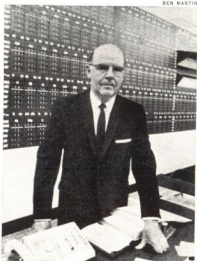
Hoghty Turndown. The savings and loan industry started as a sort of social protest movement among low-paid people who pooled their resources to finance one another's homes after the banks of the day turned them away. It remained a relatively small part of the U.S. financial world until the postwar housing boom came along, turning a nation in which the majority of families had been tenants into one in which two-thirds of all families are homeowners. Since then, S & Ls have prospered most where homes are going up the fastest. Four of the five largest associations are in Los Angeles, Pennsylvania, where it all began, has the most associations (798), followed by Illinois (598), Ohio (571), Maryland (419), New Jersey (410), and California (263).

Savings and loan associations are now run by professionals who make all the decisions, though most of them are still legally mutual associations. S & Ls have an advantage over banks in making home loans because they can lend up to 90% of the cost of a house with 30 years to pay, while banks are limited by Federal Reserve Board fiat to 75% and 20 years. But in the past two years, the bankers and S & Ls have been hammering away at each other in an interest-rate war that has skyrocketed rates on savings deposits. With the mortgage market beginning to soften, this means a smaller spread between what the S & Ls pay out in interest and receive in mortgage rates.

Expanding Horizons. The S & Ls have an even more pressing problem. Their hard sell has been so effective that they pulled in \$6 billion in new savings in the year's first half—and are having trouble finding enough borrowers to put it to work. S & L spokesmen will go to Washington after Labor Day to try to persuade Congress to broaden their lending powers, an aim for which they already have the enthusiastic backing of Chairman Joseph Patrick McMurray of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Set up by Congress in 1932 to provide emergency credit for S & Ls, the three-man board requires member banks to maintain re-

serves equal to 7% of their savings accounts, but lacks the flexible control over interest rates and reserve levels that makes the Federal Reserve Board such a potent force in the economy.

McMurray has already won for S & Ls the right to make loans on apartments as well as houses. Now they want power to finance a whole "home-loan package" that will include financing furniture, appliances, municipal bonds and even college tuitions. They are also pushing a move to win federal sponsorship of an International Home Loan Bank that would provide seed money (furnished by S & Ls) to start savings and loan associations in Latin America. The S & Ls' aggressive push to expand their horizons is sure to create a battle with commercial banks, whose "friendly bankers" are now making a harder pitch than ever to attract the little man's money.



M. L. P. F. S. MCCARTHY
Taking a nickname seriously.

INVESTMENT

Break with Tradition

After years of being described as "We, the People," the Wall Street brokerage house of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith decided to live up fully to its nickname. Merrill Lynch had made itself the world's biggest broker—with 152 worldwide branches, 526,000 account holders and \$900 million in assets. Last week, breaking the traditions of a clubby business in which firms are customarily held by only a few partners, Chairman Michael McCarthy, 60, announced Merrill Lynch's intention to sell its shares to the public if he can get the New York Stock Exchange to approve.

Merrill Lynch has been an innovator ever since Charles Merrill wove it together from four smaller houses in 1941. It helped in the long campaign to regain the public's trust in the financial community by putting its salesmen on flat salaries, eliminating carrying

charges on accounts, and pioneering in informative advertising. When Mike McCarthy, a former grocery-chain consultant, took over as managing partner in 1957, he found the firm's old partnership setup as unwieldy as its name. He revamped Merrill Lynch into an incorporated brokerage house whose stock is now divided among 419 shareholders, the majority of whom are officers or employees. Last year's profits: \$12 million.

To sell shares to the public, Merrill Lynch must first persuade the Stock Exchange to change its longstanding rule that every holder of brokerage-firm stock must first be approved by the exchange; the rule would obviously make the public sale and free trading of its stock impossible. McCarthy concedes that this approval may take years; the exchange is slow to change and is, after all, controlled by many of the insiders who prefer to keep Wall Street a club. But the Midwest Stock Exchange already has opened the way for public ownership, and Merrill Lynch feels that the Securities and Exchange Commission's recent call for more public participation may help persuade the New York Exchange to follow suit. If it succeeds, Merrill Lynch will not only open a new field to public investment, but will be able to do for itself what it has so often done for other companies: raise funds for expansion through public participation.

Some keener competition is abuilding for Merrill Lynch. Francis I. du Pont, Wall Street's fastest growing brokerage house (92 branches), last week announced plans to acquire Chicago's A. C. Allyn & Co. (24 branches). The du Pont firm was set up in 1931 by Francis du Pont, a great-grandson of Eleuthère Iréné du Pont, founder of the Du Pont chemical empire, and grew big by catering to Wilmington's richest carriage trade. Now headed by Francis' son, Edmond du Pont, 57, the firm long ago broadened its sights beyond Wilmington, can use Allyn's brokerage network to expand even further its fast growing business. The move will strengthen du Pont's position as the nation's second biggest broker but, with \$300 million in assets, du Pont will still be only one-third as big as Merrill Lynch.

AUTOS

Dangerously Attractive

Despite the fact that it already sells 52% of the nation's autos, giant General Motors keeps itself whipped into a competitive lather—and its largest division is the most competitive of all. Though its sales are already greater than those of the entire Ford Motor Co., Chevrolet has prepared for 1964 a whole new line of intermediate models in an effort to win even more sales. Last week Chevrolet General Manager Semon ("Bunky") Knudsen showed to the press

the auto that is expected to do the job: the new Chevelle. Impressed by its clean and handsome styling, Detroit's normally undemonstrative auto reporters broke into spontaneous applause.

The applause could come back to haunt Bunky Knudsen. The Chevelle is a product of cross-fertilization within G.M.'s hotly competitive divisions: its wide grille resembles a '63 Oldsmobile F-85, its gracefully curved fenders and trim roof Pontiac's high-priced Grand Prix; the main contribution of Chevrolet designers is a squared rear deck and a taillight arrangement split by a chrome strip. But the Chevelle is wedged in between the compact Chevy II and the standard Chevrolet, and is so attractive a rival that it may steal some sales from both. It will come in eleven models ranging from a convertible to a station wagon, is only 16 in. shorter than a standard-sized Chevrolet and has that "big car feel." It also boasts brand-new styling at a time when the standard Chevrolet has undergone little more than a minor face lifting for 1964. Knudsen has tried to make room for the Chevelle by discontinuing the higher-priced models of the unexciting Chevy II, will also probably start the Chevelle prices in the \$2,300-\$2,500 range previously occupied by those models.

The division's three other lines—the Corvair, Corvette and Chevy II—got mostly only superficial trim changes for 1964. But all the new Chevrolets have standard front-seat safety belts in line with the auto industry's decision to install belts on all new autos by year's end. Though it will offer a grand total of 43 models for 1964—the widest selection in its history—Chevrolet is secretly working on yet another new model: a small, fastback sports car to compete with the low-priced sports car that Ford is planning for the spring.

CORPORATIONS

Just Plain Honeywell

To most Americans, Minneapolis-Honeywell is a familiar name on the trusty thermostats that make unnecessary that trip downstairs to adjust the furnace. Heating controls still account for a third of the company's \$596 million annual sales, but Honeywell today is as comfortable in outer space as it is in the basement. It is now the world's largest and most sophisticated manufacturer of automatic control systems, turning out 13,000 products so diverse that they encompass a 60c microswitch and a \$3,000,000 electronic data processing system. "We pride ourselves," says a Honeywell executive, "on being able to control damned near anything."

Every manned space flight, from Mercury to Dyna-Soar, depends on intricate controls made by Honeywell. Honeywell's researchers have developed infra-red sensing tubes that can detect a frying pan's heat from five miles away—or spy out a distant rocket—and a humidity register so sensitive that it



WISHART & BINGER
If it works...

knows when a teaspoonful of water is brought into a room. It took a Honeywell gyroscope to measure the Empire State Building's maximum sway (one-quarter inch) and bury forever the tourist canard that the world's tallest building rocks in a high wind. Eye examinations will eventually be more comfortable because of a Honeywell device that measures eyeball pressure with a quick and painless puff of air.

Pitch-Black Room. Even Honeywell's heating controls have become more sophisticated. In Detroit's Cobo Hall, a Honeywell control panel not only regulates air conditioning but also operates the public address system, lights and fire alarms and monitors the 1,800-car garage; whenever the carbon monoxide gets too strong, Honeywell's Data Center automatically turns on exhaust fans. Altogether Honeywell has installed some 1,000 such units, including two in Manhattan's massive Chase Manhattan Bank building. Last week the company signed a \$100,000 contract for a distant and unusual control project: a centrally controlled heating and air-conditioning system for the humid mansion of Liberia's President William Tubman.

Honeywell has barely been able to

control its own growth. Founded in 1885 by Minneapolis Inventor Alfred Butz to manufacture the first automatic damper controls for furnaces, Honeywell grew and diversified steadily over the years by improving and elaborating on the basic principle of automatic control established by Butz. For years it plowed its sales dollars back into research to make better home controls, in World War II began to branch out in earnest by making Air Force automatic pilots and a radar sensitive enough to record so much as a twitch in a pitch-black room.

Today Honeywell sees its greatest future in automation, which Chairman Paul Wishart, 65, prefers to call "instrumentation." "It's the biggest single investment in a product that we have ever made," says President James H. Binger, 47, the company's chief operating officer. Honeywell makes computers both for data processing and industrial use, after a late start in entering the field has sold or rented 190 so far. Its computers help machines run other machines in dozens of U.S. plants. But Honeywell lags far behind front-running IBM and is still losing money on its computer operation—while its overall profit rose 8% to \$26.8 million in 1962.

Hard-Riding Polo. Over the next three years, Chairman Wishart will gradually step aside for lean, taciturn James Binger, a onetime lawyer who went into manufacturing because "I wanted to develop my own set of problems to solve." A Yaleman ('38) who plays hard-riding polo on weekends to shuck off the burden of bringing home a full briefcase every night, Binger has already revamped Honeywell's sales approach, placing emphasis on profits rather than on volume. Now he is stepping up international sales (the company has plants in six countries), which so far account for 12% of business. With everything else well under control, Binger is ready to change the company's official corporate name: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. From now on, it will be just plain Honeywell, a more suitably sized name for a company whose business is simplifying the tasks of U.S. industry.



HONEYWELL DATACENTER IN DETROIT'S COBO HALL
... they can control it.

WORLD BUSINESS

JAPAN

Just Like Old Times

The postwar U.S. breakup of Japan's *zaibatsu*, the huge and powerful prewar cartels that controlled practically all of Japanese industry, was the most ambitious antitrust action in history. The re-emergence of the *zaibatsu* has been hardly less ambitious. With scarcely a murmur to mark it, the steady reconcentration of the three biggest *zaibatsu*—Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo—has been going on quietly but steadily since 1952. The three now account for more than one-third of Japan's total industrial and commercial business—and they are not finished yet. Last week executives from three big prewar Mitsubishi heavy industry groups were at work on what promises to be the biggest postwar reunion of them all: the merger of the three into the old Mitsubishi Heavy Industry Co., which would rank as Japan's second biggest firm and trail only another *zaibatsu* firm, Hitachi Ltd.

Alarming Independence. Japanese businessmen wonder whether the Mitsubishi merger plans will prove catching. Until recently, most non-*zaibatsu* Japanese firms were doing so well that they felt little need to merge. Even some of the old *zaibatsu* showed a surprising independence from the old arrangements, particularly since their need for cash became so great that it could no longer be filled only by the *zaibatsu* banks they once were tied to. But Japan's new moves toward trade liberali-

zation and its increasing need to export have caused a widespread change of heart. With the government's encouragement, many Japanese firms feel that the way to compete best with foreigners is to compete less at home.

Taking advantage of this feeling, the discreet monthly "presidents' clubs" that control the three *zaibatsu* giants have stepped up their efforts to coordinate more closely the activities of the old *zaibatsu* elements still on their own. They consider it wasteful, for one thing, that Mitsui alone still has four competing chemical companies within its loose empire. A 1947 antitrust law passed by the Japanese government at the insistence of the U.S. Occupation authorities (and softened by later amendments) seems to be no obstacle; after all, it has not stopped the *zaibatsu*. Still, there are other problems, such as how the merging companies will juggle their foreign commitments. One Mitsubishi subsidiary, for example, has an agreement with Caterpillar Tractor to produce the same products turned out by another Mitsubishi firm.

Angling & Go. After working out such problems and receiving expected governmental approval, the three Mitsubishi firms plan to merge in May. The man most likely to head the new company is Shinzo Fujii, 70, the president of Shin Mitsubishi, the biggest and financially strongest of the three firms. An even-tempered but forceful businessman, Fujii took over the reins of his company once more after a hand-picked successor died, would probably stay on just long enough to get the new company going strong. Unlike the old *zaibatsu*, whose power extended deeply into politics and military policy, today's *zaibatsu* seem interested mostly in good management, efficiency and profit. Once he sees that the new giant is well equipped with all three, Fujii would like to spend more time at his favorite hobbies: angling and playing the Japanese chess game called Go.

ITALY

The Fleeing Lira

Packed in suitcases and hidden in the false bottoms of automobiles, lire are being smuggled out of Italy at the rate of more than \$200 million a month. In any other nation, such a capital flight might lead to alarm or panic. In Italy it is recognized as only another ingenious ploy to cheat the tax collector. No one really worries, because the fleeing lira usually returns to Italy wearing a disguise.

Italians spirit their lire over the border to Swiss banks, which then use the money to open foreign accounts in Italian banks and buy Italian shares and securities for their Italian depositors. Since dividends are paid to the anonymous Swiss bank account, the Italian investor can collect his profit without attracting the attention of the hated tax collector.

The Swiss dodge is not new to Italian investors, but they have never used it in such numbers. In this year's first half, \$976 million in lire re-entered Italy in disguised form v. \$435 million for 1962's first half—and authorities can only guess at how much has not yet completed the round-trip journey. In a nation in which only 1,194,328 of 53 million people filed tax returns last year, this tax dodge is generally admired rather than deplored.

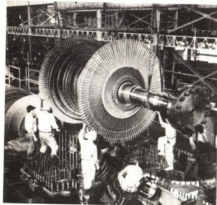
So far, the two-way traffic in lire has not unsettled the Italian economy or seriously affected Italy's balance of payments. Nor has it affected the price of the lira, which has remained remarkably steadfast at 100 lire for 16¢ for 14 years. But the traffic is not without its dangers. The accounts opened by Swiss banks in Italy can be converted into foreign currencies on demand. Should the government's "opening to the left" take it too far to the left, or should the tax collector become too zealous for the businessman's taste (there is talk of imposing a capital gains tax and raising



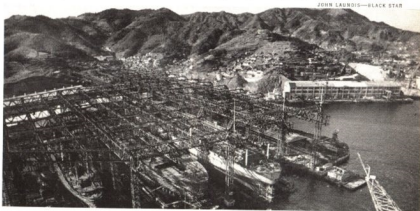
FUJII



MITSUBISHI SYMBOL



TURBINE UNDER CONSTRUCTION



MITSUBISHI'S NAGASAKI SHIPYARD

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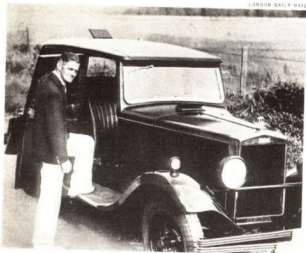
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MORRIS WITH OXFORD MODEL (1929)

Giving money proved less rewarding than making it.



OXFORD'S NUFFIELD COLLEGE

the income tax), Italy's loose lira might be frightened into a one-way flight that could mean trouble for Italy's whole financial structure. Last week the Milan stock exchange reflected this uncertainty, with the slowest trading period that Italians could remember.

BRITAIN

The Noble Mechanic

Though he climbed from ordinary mechanic to wealthy viscount, William Richard Morris never forgot his first skill. He built Morris Motors into Britain's biggest automaker, but until three years ago drove a 1939 Wolseley Eight with 215,000 miles on its speedometer—and replaced the parts himself when the Wolseley staggered. The human engine is less easy to repair. Last week at 85, weakened by four operations and a heart condition, William Richard Morris, the Viscount Nuffield, died.

Working for Billy. Along Fleet Street, he inevitably was dubbed Britain's Henry Ford—and the careers of the two in many ways ran parallel. Son of an accountant who fell on hard times, William Morris^{*} was forced to leave school at 16, became a 70¢-a-week bicycle mechanic. When he was turned down for a raise, he quit and went to work "for Billy Morris," started making both bicycles and motorcycles. Gradually, automobile owners began driving up for repairs—and Morris decided that autos were his future. In 1910, with \$20,000 in savings, he set up a factory on the outskirts of Oxford and put together his first model. By 1913 he was making 400 cars a year.

Like Ford, whose Lizzies were his earliest competition, Morris set out to build a simple, reliable and economical automobile that could be produced in volume and priced for the common man. "I look forward to a time," he once said, "when it becomes a recog-

nized thing for a British workingman to have his own car." When Britain's auto business slumped in 1921, he gambled on cost savings from his new assembly lines and cut prices to a point where his loss per car was \$240. But sales zoomed from 1,500 a year to 65,000, and the losses were wiped out. Nuffield (he got his viscountcy in 1938) later broadened his line with the sleeker Riley and sporty MGs, eventually reached a yearly capacity of 150,000. Finally, in 1952, Morris and rival Austin merged to form British Motors Corp., now the world's eighth largest auto company. Less than a year later, still peppery at 75, the Viscount Nuffield retired.

Back to 1278. In retirement he enjoyed a second spectacular career, becoming, by a wide margin, Britain's most generous philanthropist. Childless and reportedly thwarted of ambitions toward a career in medicine, Nuffield lavished some \$75 million on charities, mostly in medical grants. Oxford University, whose hallowed walls are close by Morris' Cowley plant, got \$17.7 million for Nuffield College, which specializes in social studies, and Nuffield medical center. In return, it bestowed on him an honorary master of arts.

Giving money turned out to be less rewarding than making it. People talked about the guilt complex that drove Nuffield; the Establishment, for which he had no use anyhow, scorned him as a parvenu. Angriely, he hired a genealogist, who traced his family to Oxfordshire gentry of 1278, a date few noble lords hark back to. Then W.R.M., as friends called him, retired deeper into the shade and kept six secretaries busy sorting the 2,000 requests for funds he received weekly. Toward the end, Nuffield began to complain that "they like me for my money instead of myself," sometimes told his friends that "the bin is beginning to run a bit empty." But all indications last week were that it is still nicely full. The Nuffield Foundation, which handled Billy Morris' major donations, alone holds Morris stock worth \$100 million.

EUROPE

Who Works Hardest?

The Germans' reputation as Europe's *Arbeitsstiere*, or workhorses, is hardly deserved. So indicate recent surveys of European working hours, vacations and holidays released by the Stockholms Enskilda Bank of Sweden and the International Labor Organization. The Germans now work 15% fewer hours than they used to, and have signed agreements to reduce their present 44.7-hour week to 40 hours by 1966. In fact, the trend throughout Europe is clearly toward shorter hours for the workers.

Laborers in Switzerland, France and Italy work longer than the Germans, and the French and Italians work longest—an average 45- to 48-hour week. In Britain the work week has been reduced from an average 47.4 hours in 1960 to 42 this year. Europe's shortest work week is in Norway, where laborers spend an average 39.6 hours per week in the factories. But most other European nations have a way to go before they near the 40.4 hours put in by the average worker in the U.S.

Most of Europe is catching up with—and sometimes passing—the U.S. when it comes to vacations and holidays. Italians now take off an average 36 days per year, and the Germans 33. Though the British work shorter hours, their 18 days of vacation and holidays per year is the shortest vacation period in Europe. The U.S. does not always provide a model for others to imitate. The Italians, for example, steadfastly oppose an American eight-hour work day; they complain that it would give them only an hour or so for lunch instead of the traditional three-hour midday siesta at home and, more important, would cut into the overtime they often pile up by staying at work until 8 or 9 in the evening. When the Italian government tried to institute a day with no siesta break, the employees' union blocked the plan by arguing that it would tear men away from their families.

* Who took his title from the Thameside village where he lived after he made it rich.

MEDICINE

OPHTHALMOLOGY

A Living Memorial In Strangers' Eyes

It was mid-July, just two days short of Willard R. Gilliland's 39th birthday, when he left his home in Peters Township, south of Pittsburgh, to take his mother-in-law, his wife June and their five children to visit his mother in Pittsburgh, 15 miles away. The family had a typical three-generation reunion. When it was over, June Gilliland left first in one car to take her mother home. Willard Gilliland gave the kids another hour for ice cream and cake, then piled them into his new Volkswagen Microbus. He never got home. Only four miles short of his house, a car approached in the wrong lane. Gilliland swerved but could not escape. In the crash, Gilliland was killed, along with his son Raymond, 15, and his daughter Julia, 12. The three younger girls were badly injured.

What had started as a happy family get-together had become a nightmare of death and injury. But thanks to Mrs. Gilliland's clear thinking and firmness of purpose, five people who never knew the Gillilands had sight restored to their blind eyes.

Family Planning. Mrs. Gilliland was called from her home to one hospital to learn that her son was dead, then to another hospital to learn that her husband and a daughter were dead. At the second hospital, the widowed and triply bereaved mother was eventually allowed to see her battered surviving children. Nancy, 9, had (among other injuries) a deep gash over her eye. Says Mrs. Gilliland: "I noticed that her eyelid was cut, and I wondered whether there was an eye under that lid. Then I remembered our plan."

The Gilliland family plan had been made 18 months earlier, after hearing Dr. John H. Galbreath, pastor at Westminster Presbyterian Church, preach about corneal transplants as a way "to live on usefully after death." Willard Gilliland, a solid, civic-minded man (he was safety and security director for Aluminum Co. of America) talked it over with his wife and elder children. They agreed to donate their corneas to the Eye Bank of Pittsburgh.

But when Nancy's injured eye reminded Mrs. Gilliland of their pact, eleven hours had passed since the accident. Was it too late? June Gilliland sent her mother to phone the Pittsburgh Eye Bank from the hospital lobby. There was another call to the undertaker. Within 20 minutes, an eye bank officer arrived with forms for Mrs. Gilliland to sign. In another half-hour, the corneas were removed.

Living Memorial. One of the six corneas had been damaged in the accident and was unsuitable for grafting, but it went to an eye research laboratory. All five others were grafted that same day,

at Pittsburgh's Eye and Ear, and Montefiore hospitals. One went to a nun, 30, herself a hospital aide. One to a water pollution expert, 42, whose eye had been blinded by lye. Two were donated to needy housewives. Another to a man of 52 whose own cornea had become overgrown with scar tissue after an injury. All of the operations were what ophthalmic surgeons call "penetrating transplants" or "full-thickness grafts," for which fresh corneas must be used within 72 hours of the donor's death. When only the outermost layer of the cornea is needed, for a split-thickness graft, an

ROBERT T. SCHWIDT



SURVIVOR GILLILAND
Out of tragedy, a priceless gift.

eye can be used after it has been frozen and banked for weeks.

Of the three Gilliland children surviving, Beth, 10, is still in a toes-to-shoulders cast. Nancy will go back to school next month, but in a wheelchair. Ellen, 4, has recovered well from a fracture of the pelvis, and will start kindergarten. Remembering the members of her family whom she has lost, and thinking of the sight restored to the cornea recipients, June Gilliland says simply: "Isn't it a wonderful living memorial?"

RESUSCITATION

Tilting Out of Trouble

The skindiving student had surfaced rapidly from the bottom of a 14-ft. training tank in Seattle, and despite his training, he had evidently held his breath all the way up. Within seconds, he was half unconscious, and his left side was paralyzed. The instructor and his diving comrades rushed the victim to General Practitioner Charles A. Kruse, who had two important qualifications for handling the case: his of-

fice was near by, and he is an enthusiastic skindiver himself.

Expanding Air. Dr. Kruse could see at once what the trouble was. The stricken diver was suffering from air embolism,* in which compressed air in the lungs expands rapidly, forces its way into pulmonary veins leading to the heart, and travels through the arteries to the brain, where it cuts off part of the circulation and causes unconsciousness and paralysis. Dr. Kruse told the diving crew to carry the patient to an examining room. Inexperienced at the job, they let the unconscious man's head sag forward until his chin touched his chest. At the same time, they were holding his waist and legs higher than his head and shoulders. Dr. Kruse noticed a twitching of the paralyzed side of the diver's face; there was a barely perceptible motion of the man's arm.

Standard treatment for air embolism is to put the victim into a recompression chamber, but Dr. Kruse did not know where the nearest chamber was. Fortunately, the twitch in the head-dropped position gave him an idea. By chance, the examining table had a tilting mechanism. The doctor propped up the diver's head until his chin rested on his chest—the same position that had produced the hopeful twitch. Then he spun the control wheel until the head end of the table had dropped about 15 degrees. As fast as he could, he spun the wheel again until patient and table returned to the horizontal. Dr. Kruse kept up this oscillating movement for 15 minutes. Slowly, the diver regained control of his face muscles and began to talk. Within two hours, he was well enough to go home, and he has since recovered completely.

Smaller Bubbles. Dr. Kruse discussed the happenstance treatment with another skindiving friend, Dr. James R. Atkinson, then at the University of Washington. Working with cats, Neurosurgeon Atkinson found that tilting succeeded repeatedly in clearing up air embolism. He now thinks that in the head-down position, the brain receives more blood, so that its small vessels dilate and are better able to push the air bubbles along. The bubbles then split up until they become so small that they can be dissolved in the blood.

Dr. Atkinson and Kruse do not recommend the tilting-table treatment as a substitute for recompression. But as a first-aid measure until the embolism victim can be hauled to a pressure chamber, which may be miles away, they think tilting may prevent many cases of permanent brain damage.

* Not to be confused with the bends, though both result from too-rapid decompression. In the bends, the source of the trouble is nitrogen, which has been dissolved in the blood and fatty tissues under continued high pressure, then, with rapid decompression, comes out of solution faster than the blood can carry it to the lungs. The bubbles press against sensitive nerves, causing excruciating pain, and may cause death by interfering with the nerves that control breathing.



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That's all it takes to buy \$37,680 of life insurance at age 29—enough to provide your family with \$258 a month for the next 15 years. It's Occidental's new Income Protection policy, which offers four unusual benefits. 1) Cost is extremely low. This is because you pay only for protection, and because your protection decreases as your obligations decrease. You'll probably need less protec-

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OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA

BOOKS

Dead End Kids

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING by Bernard Kops. 261 pages. Coward-McCann, \$5.

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY by Shelagh Delaney. 186 pages. Putnam, \$4.

Each year brings evidence that the lower orders of Britain have acquired another caste mark of the old upper crust. Now it is autobiographies, hitherto the prerogative of retired generals, statesmen, colonial officials and men of letters who are willing to design their own public monuments.

Shelagh Delaney, 24, and Bernard Kops, 37, are none of these things. They graduated into the welfare state from



SHELAGH DELANEY
She pokes out her tongue.

two of the most ferocious slums in Britain: she from one of the uglier neighborhoods around Manchester, and he from the ghetto of London's Stepney and Bethnal Green. In the nature of things, the stories of their own brief lives are more manifesto than reminiscence. Delaney pokes out her pert proletarian tongue at the Establishment; Kops throws a whole coster's barrowful of dead haddock. Both have produced fascinating documents and useful items for those who like to plot the course of British society now that the imperial ballast is gone, and the old class compass is out of whack. Both work in the theater; Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* was a hit play when she was 19, and Kops is resident dramatist at the Bristol Old Vic. Both are virtuosos at the art of self-dramatization.

"This Girl is a Rebel." Great dollops of sensitivity and rebellion may be expected in reminiscences of childhood, and poor little Shelagh Delaney is no exception, though the tough, sullen delinquent pose she adopted to protect her secret soul is fairly new in this genre. She is adept at putting the false comic nose on the face of authority, and all get a good laugh from the schoolmaster who told her she was "a long streak of

nothing," from Mum, and from the dear silly nuns who had her in charge for a while. We learn without astonishment that they were more pious but not so clever as little Shelagh. But did she really believe that they slept at night hanging upside down from the rafters? And did she really win all the arguments about sexual morals with welfare officers? A school report she claims to remember is enlightening: "Unwilling to accept discipline. Has some originality of thought. A likable girl. Inclined to sullenness. Uncommunicative. Overimaginative. Has difficulty distinguishing fact



BERNARD KOPS
He throws a barrow of haddock.

from fiction. This girl is a liar. Expect improvement next term."

This is the most honest thing in an autobiography that breaks the rules by offering no one quite credible except the subject. But the last we see of Shelagh, in "gin-tears" and alone among the eyeless houses of a condemned slum, is vivid enough.

Giggle at First. The British are famous for their toleration of eccentrics, but this can be intolerable to the eccentric himself if he is a dedicated exhibitionist. Bernard Kops has been a poor Jewish evacuee from the blitzed East End of London, a waiter, an actor in terrible road companies, a book peddler, a songwriter, a bum in London and Paris and tout for a brothel in Tangier. He has told all in a sort of breathless antistyle that can be the most irritating of all styles. Every frightful thing that happened to him (and the rare pleasant event) is told in exactly the same tone of voice as if his book were being read by a court attendant. Sample day from Bernard Kops's non-

stop diary: "Near my home one night I was attacked. I didn't feel the blows. It was like fists thudding into dead flesh. I saw stars. On the floor I could see it was a policeman hitting me . . . The next day I decided to turn over a new leaf and enter the world of the living dead." And he does.

Kops hates himself, and he has reasons, as he drifts "up and down, delirious or sad, exhibitionistic and intense" among the assorted spivs and queers of Soho and London's wide bohemian fringed lands. "I was a member of a new minority where my Jewish neurosis suddenly became an attribute. So I became a permanent fixture and at first it was a giggle."

The Coping of Kops. Along the line the reader gets a rare insider's view of the outsiders. There is a prevalence of "pornmerchants" (peddlers of pornographic literature). "Kinks" are those with highly specialized sexual aberrations. The fad for Zen among U.S. beatniks is a London import (1950). Drugs in London are mostly run by what in New York are called "scratch bums," i.e., bums so crawling with lice that they are immune from police search. Dimly in Kops's background, public events take place: the Jews of the East End defeat Mosley's blackshirts in pitched battle, but it is all a dream. Kops alone is real to Kops. What is anyone to make of a man so self-absorbed that when he briefly becomes "converted," he seems to think he cannot belong to the Christian religion without becoming the Principal Person? Kops goes barefoot about London, later is seen carrying a big wooden crucifix he has carved himself. It seems like a hopeless case. Kops, as he says himself, "cannot cope with the human race." Inevitably the crackup comes. First it is "green-gage" (marijuana), then "the loony-bin" at Belmont.

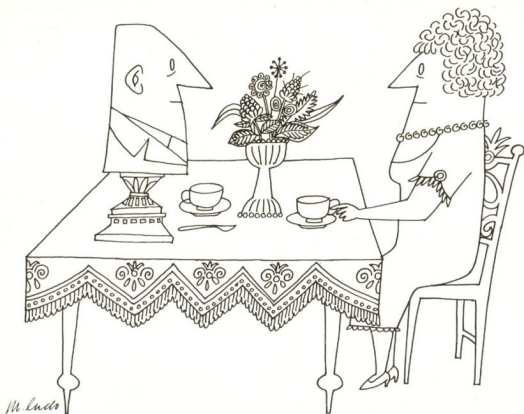
The reader will agree with Kops that it is a miracle he ever got out, kicked the habit, and lived to tell his terrible tall tale. The secret seems to be that in the end Kops found and loved someone so hopeless that she had to lean on him. Thus, at last Kops learned to cope.

Monotony Report

MINORITY REPORT by Elmer Rice. 474 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$6.50.

Elmer Rice has seen life from a seat somewhere left of center. A vast portion of his autobiography details his fights for the cause of socialism, his championship of the downtrodden. While all this leaves no doubt that Rice, at 70, is nobody's man but his own, *Minority Report* seems to have been put together by a civil rights pamphleteer rather than by a playwright: in the first 80 pages there are but two lines of directly quoted conversation.

Elmer Leopold Reizenstein grew up in Manhattan in a family of decent-hearted intellectual ciphers who owned no books. His mother smothered him in a cocoon of maternal affection; his



CONFESSIONS OF A HUM-DRUM

I was a Hum-Drum.

To make matters worse, I was married to a Ho-Hum.

Looking back, I realize we should have turned into anything but a Hum-Drum and a Ho-Hum. We came from good families, attended the right schools.

But, after we married and the little ones arrived, we settled down into our own little circle of friends; we lost our Intellectual Curiosity.

Conversation lagged. Life was so day-after-day. And I stopped Forging Ahead in Business.

Naturally, like every Hum-Drum and Ho-Hum, we weren't aware of what was happening to us.

Then, one day, I came across an Advertisement. "By George!" I said to my wife. (That isn't her name, of course. Her name is Brenda. By George was just an expression I used in those days.) "By George,"

I said, "do you think we are turning into a Hum-Drum and a Ho-Hum?"

I showed her the Advertisement, signed by LIFE Magazine, which described the symptoms, and offered the first step to a cure: an Introductory Subscription to LIFE for only \$1.99.

"Let's mail the card," I said. "What have we got to lose?"

"A dollar ninety-nine," she said. But we mailed it anyway and sure enough, just as the Advertisement promised, we turned into a couple of real swingers, conversation-wise. And I got a promotion, too. Very generous of Dad.

If my story inspires even one Hum-Drum or one Ho-Hum to mail the attached card, I shall feel amply repaid.

If some other Hum-Drum has beaten you to the card, you can still get an Introductory Subscription. Write to LIFE, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, Chicago, Illinois 60611

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father, an epileptic, mainly embarrassed the boy. But there was Grandpa, who took him to plays at the German Theater in Irving Place at an early age, and Uncle Will, who offered to slip him the money for his initial excursion into sex at 16.

Rice, who changed his name in 1919, is curiously reticent about naming his loved ones. His first wife, to whom he was married for almost 30 years, is never identified,* and while he admits numerous extramarital affairs, only one of the ladies is given a name, and that one—"Laura"—not her own. But where the heart was not involved, Rice is free with names: Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Thomas Wolfe ("He always struck me as gauche, self-conscious and morbidly self-absorbed. As for his books, I have never been able to get through any of them").

Wolfe, were he alive, might well say the same of *Minority Report*. Not only does Rice exhibit an astonishingly tight ear for dialogue; his autobiographical style frequently reads like a parody of all the memoirs ever written. "We had what is now known as a cookout, with Mrs. Roosevelt, in a bungalow apron, toasting the frankfurters over a charcoal grill. When her son Elliott shouted, 'Hey, Ma, we're all out of beer!' she replied sharply, 'You know there's always enough beer! Just look around for it!' It was a domestic scene that made one happy to be an American."

Rice's first play was *On Trial*, produced in 1914. His iconoclastic *Street Scene* came along in 1929, followed by *Dream Girl* in 1946; his latest (and 27th) was *Cue for Passion*, which had a five-week run in 1959. Almost 50 years of writing, directing, traveling and—according to his boast—lovingmaking, should have supplied material for still another play—or even a good book. But Rice has always given the best lines to somebody else.

When Brother Fought Brother

RAGS OF GLORY by Stuart Cloete. 631 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

It has the standard ingredients for the big historical novel: dashing cavalry officers, stalwart frontier riflemen, bearded, Bible-thumping farmer-soldiers, lovely widows in crinolines and lace, loyal servants hovering, a lady who is a whore and a whore who becomes a lady, and the whole rich gumbo stirred up by The War that sets brother against brother, section against section. The Civil War? Well, no; for Author Stuart Cloete (rhymes with booty), it is the Boer War, but otherwise the formula is unmistakable.

Shrapnel & Atrocities. Perhaps most remarkable about the Boer War was its length: for nearly three years the might of the British Empire was fought off by a sprinkling of fiercely independent

Dutch settlers in the interior of South Africa. The conflict saw history's last cavalry charge with lance and saber, and the first wide-scale use of shrapnel, barbed wire, trenches, machine guns. Resembling the American Civil War in fact as well as in fiction-formula, the Boer War found the most daring soldiers and the most skillful generals on the losing side, while the victors had the brute mass of men and metal.

Himself of part-Boer, part-British ancestry, Cloete has set up his characters on both sides of the war, with care for minor historical detail, and with absolute fidelity to the sentimental tradition. His chief English hero, rich and handsome Captain Turnbull, observes the battles as a headquarters officer while musing on women and

women from horses." "A year ago, I was a child," Boete tells his girl. "Now I am almost a man." At this level of pure romanticism, the book offers certain delights, not all of them perhaps intended by the author. As a serious attempt to understand South Africa, the book offers only pretensions. Old Africa Hand Stuart Cloete knows perfectly well that the Boer War, like the Civil War, was rooted in the problem of race, was the reaction of a primarily agrarian people to a threat to that "way of life" where the white man rules unquestioned. But this basic fact—in a novel about the conflict that cast in concrete the mentality of the Afrikaner—he chooses to ignore.

Fate Worse than Death

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE by Ian Fleming. 299 pages. New American Library, \$4.50.

Some time back, when sobersided Britons belabored Author Ian Fleming for the consumer snobbery of his cadish hero (James Bond's car is a Bentley, his girls invariably smell of Guerlain), Fleming was unrepentant. He was sorry, he said, only for having once permitted Bond the unforgivable gaffe of ordering asparagus with béarnaise instead of mousseline sauce. But in Fleming's latest Bond bombshell, there are disquieting signs that he took the critics to heart. On page 152, sophisticated Secret Agent 007 coaxes up to a blonde who smells of nothing more aristocratic than Mennen's baby powder.

For Fleming fans, who like 007 just as he is, worse is to come. Pitted once more against Ernst Blofeld, the fell master of the international crime syndicate called SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Revenge and Extortion), Bond at first displays his customary stocks in trade. He uses his own urine as invisible ink, and successfully escapes from Blofeld's Alpine retreat by a daredevil schuss down the snow-covered, moonlit slope—as patrols of goons with guns set an avalanche tumbling down after him. Then, suddenly, Bond is threatened with what, for an international cad, would clearly be a fate worse than death: matrimony.

The lady is a countess named Tracy. She drives like Stirling Moss and reeks of Guerlain. So far so good. But—horrors—she sometimes sounds like Debbie Reynolds. Gushes Tracy to Bond: "I've got enough sheets and pillows for two and other exciting things to do with being married." The old Bond would ordinarily give this kind of chatter some suavely short shrift. The new Bond revels in it. "Togetherness," he reflects sentimentally. "What a curiously valid cliché it was!"

When Bond actually marries Tracy, all seems lost. Author Fleming, however, has never been without resources. He appears *deus ex machina* (the machine, reassuringly, is a lethal red Maserati) on page 299 and saves James Bond from his better self.



STUART CLOETE

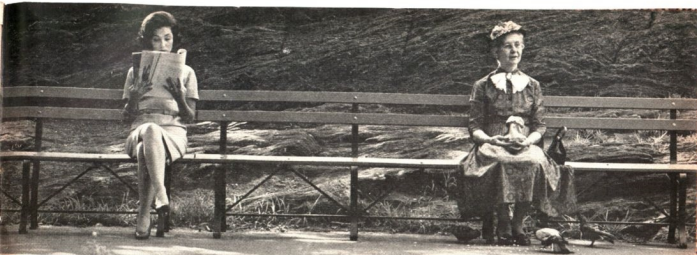
Some delights, quite a few pretensions.

love, is posted back to his cavalry regiment in disgrace when he dares protest the scorched-earth policy. Turnbull's London mistress, a tart-of-gold he had rescued from white slavery, follows him to Africa by volunteering to nurse the wounded: "She was the one the worst cases asked for."

Almost a Man. The main Boer hero, poor and handsome Boete van der Berg, fights alongside each great chieftain in turn, at the end surrenders with Jan Christiaan Smuts. His girl ferrets out military secrets by flirting with British officers. After the war they start life anew, with 500 gold sovereigns saved from the looters by an aged Kaffir retainer. And so it goes in plummy neo-Hemingway prose, with three dozen major characters, 189 speaking parts, thousands of extras, and big-name guest stars playing themselves—War Correspondent Winston Churchill, Army Doctor Arthur Conan Doyle, Stretcher-Bearer Mohandas Gandhi.

"You know," says Turnbull to a junior officer, "I sometimes think we learn about horses from women, and about

* She was Hazel Levy, whom he divorced in 1942 to marry Actress Betty Field; she divorced him in 1956.



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SOURCES: THE VALUE AND USE OF EDITORIAL CONTENT TO PRIMARY AND PASS-ALONG READERS OF FOUR MAJOR WOMEN'S MAGAZINES: GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, FAMILY CIRCLE, McCALL'S, WOMAN'S DAY—ROPER, STARCH CONSUMER ADVERTISING REPORTS.

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shows maturity

Even spacing
reveals consistency

... Large loops point
to pleasure

... Easy flow reveals
excellent taste

..... Slanting script
shows individuality



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